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THE TENTH MUSE.

FAR to the east of the blue *Ægean* is an island whose beauty travelers have described in glowing words. They have told us of white cliffs and curving shores, of wooded hills and myrtle-scented groves and shaded paths, of ravines blood-red with oleander and of rocky mountain-tops clad half-way in verdure; they have painted to our fancy a dim view of the distant coast-line, and perhaps we have not wondered that Lesbos fulfilled their dreams of nature's beauty. Probably, too, we were then hardly surprised that time should, in a measure, have woven a veil of romance about the name of her whose poetry comes to us from Lesbos like throbbing echoes from the mist-land of old Greek culture.

When Sappho caressed the murmuring strings of her *Æolian* lyre and sang of love, Mitylene was the capital of that island Eden—a city whose architectural splendors were lauded and copied by the Romans. The works of archi-

tect and mason have crumbled. A Turkish village, we are told, now marks the spot. But through the belt of woodland among the meadowed hillsides beyond, traces of those ancient days still cling to the simple life of the shepherds who dwell at Eresos, Sappho's birthplace.

So with the world and its judgment of the poetess. After centuries of slighting disregard and harsh criticism, after passing through a forest of absurd and cruel falsehood, a trace of her true spirit was discovered, her real character was acknowledged, and the literary world now vindicates her honor and seeks to argue away the stains upon her memory.

Mr. T. W. Higginson asks the pertinent question, "Now why is it that in case of a woman thus famous, some cloud of reproach has always mingled with the incense?" His answer is, "In part, because she was a woman, and thus subject to harsher criticism in coarse periods of the world's career. More, no doubt, because she stood in a transition period of history, and in a contest between two social systems representing an unsuccessful effort to combine the merits of both."

It is at Sappho, more particularly, in this light that we wish to look. To the average reader, even of to-day, her name implies no more than the idea of an erratic poetess, who lived about a half a dozen centuries before Christ, and whose moral reputation, whether justly so or not, has until very recent times been most unenviable. It is remarkable that so little real interest should have been taken in the history of a woman who was named in a breath with Homer. She was, without doubt, the most famous and most quoted poetess of antiquity; in fact, it is only owing to quotations from her works that we possess any specimens of them whatever. Notwithstanding, it is undeniable that she was notorious; and the question is well asked—why?

To find the answer we must glance at the social life of ancient Greece. In those almost fabled day's when civilization was young and poetry was the natural outcome of a

life whose whole being was pervaded with romance and melody, woman occupied a position in social life equal to man's. A nobler picture or a more delicate appreciation of woman's sphere in that age could not be found than in the pages of Homer. The regard she enjoyed then was worth far more than the flattering emotion of chivalry in later years, because it was simpler, more spontaneous and less vaunted. Women were recognized and took an active part in every phase of life. Men scorned not to perform their share of domestic labor, and even to this day we call them heroes. There was no allotting the menial tasks to the other sex. Moreover, love then was only a noble sentiment. If ever platonic love were possible it was then. Modesty was a virtue, but women were not kept in the background, nor were they prudes. As civilization advanced some thought crept into the minds of puffed-up men that their sisters were not their equals, that they were not to be educated like the men, nor were the advantages of culture to be granted them. By degrees women were pushed back until, says the essayist before quoted, "Athens, under the influence of Asiatic models, decided to exclude them." Across the peninsula, however, the Athenian innovation met with disfavor, and the more conservative and dogged Spartans "preferred to exclude the culture." Meanwhile, to the East, Lesbos had not been ignorant of the changes on the distant mainland, nor had progress been slow within its narrow wave-washed confines. But the island was conservative, and the old Grecian notion of woman's rights, long since discarded by Athens, was still an article in the Lesbian creed of life. It was Sappho's perhaps unconscious championing this notion by her writings and her personal typification of the status of culture among Lesbian women, no less than her direction of the much talked-of school of culture, which, in all probability, was nothing more than a gathering of the Lesbian women to learn and perfect themselves in the higher branches of education, such as music, poetry and embroidery, that first

brought upon her head the opprobrium of immediately succeeding generations.

Athenian customs were the standard of morality and conduct. Any breach thereof naturally stamped the offender as ignorant and unrefined. Athenian morals were distinctly deteriorating, an unavoidable effect of Athenian religion. Worship of the beautiful preceded the worship of the arts, and a refined sensuality followed that. Love, once a pure sentiment, now became a vice. Sappho, poetess of love, was assailed by inference. Truly the ancient days had passed, and for centuries the stain rested on her brow, despite the scattered praise that was ever and anon given during the ages to the literary merit of her poems. It has not, then, been altogether unfitting that one of the deeds accomplished by scholars of this century, when the equality of the sexes is being so seriously agitated, should have been to rescue from the bondage of an unjust stigma the name of her who, since time well nigh immemorial, has been the gem of the Greek school of lyric poetry. Let us now turn to the poems of this woman, and see for ourselves if there be no good thing in Nazareth.

We have called Sappho erotic. The fragments that we possess are thrilled with this note of love—pure, intense, womanly. This element in Sappho's character was a result of circumstances. As a nation the Greeks were devoted to the beautiful. Their religion fostered the instinct, and the Lesbians were but Greeks. "All the luxuries and elegances of life which that climate and the rich valleys of Lesbos could afford were at their disposal; exquisite gardens in which rose and hyacinth spread perfume; river beds ablaze with oleander and wild pomegranate; olive groves and fountains where the cyclamen and violet flowered with feathery maidenhair; pine shadowed coves where they might bathe in the calm of a tideless sea; fruits such as only the southern sun and sea wind can mature; marble cliffs starred with jonquil and anemone in spring, aromatic with myrtle and lentisk and samphire and wild rosemary

through all the months; nightingales that sang in May; temples dim with dusky gold and bright with ivory statues and frescoes of heroic forms." "Twas amid such surroundings that Sappho sang of love—the truest, most divine of human instincts. Can we blame her? Unlike Catullus, unlike Ovid, she shunned sensuality. She had a woman's delicacy, which her enemies seemed to have ignored. She was passionate; she loved fiercely, but she allowed no gnawing jealousy to rankle in her heart, even when her love was unrequited. Her tenderness was invincible. To faithless Atthis she merely falters :

"Ἄτθι, σοὶ δὲ εἰσθεν μεν ἀπήχθετο
φροντίσθην, ἐπὶ δὲ Ἀνδρομέδαν πότη. *

To thee, O Atthis, thought of me is hateful,
And around Andromeda thou hoverst.

And again, when the old love is dead for want of sympathy, her whisper is :

"Ηράμαν μνὺς ἔγω σέθεν," Ατθι πάλαι πότα.

"Atthis, I loved thee once, in the olden days!"

There is a deep minor tone of regret in that line, bespeaking the pathos of the ode which it began—a pathos which Swinburne, in his celebrated paraphrase and elaboration of the above, beautiful though it be, has entirely missed.

That Sappho knew the tender love of a mother for her child is revealed in these words :

"Εστι μοι καλά πάῖς, χρυσισσὸν ἀνθέμοιστιν
ἐμψέρην ἔχοισα μόρφαν, Κλῆτις ἀναπάτα,
ἀντὶ τὰς ἔγω οὐδὲ Δοδίαν πᾶσαν δυὸς ἔρανναν.

"I have a child, a lovely one,
In beauty like the golden sun
Or like sweet flowers of earliest bloom;
And Clais is her name, for whom
I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,
Would glad resign."

T. H. Merivale.

* The text in this and following selections is from H. T. Wharton's "Sappho, Lond., 1887." The translations are from various sources, those unacknowledged being original.

All the Sapphic fragments seem to breathe the spirit of that island life—its simplicity, its ingenuousness. Thus, in this sigh of a maid whose heart yearns for her lover, we catch a fleeting glimpse of Lesbian home-life. May not Sappho have had in mind her own youth in these lines?

*Γλόκετα μάτερ, οὐδοις δύναμαι πρέχην τον' ἵστον,
πάθηρ δάμεισα πᾶτιδος Βραδίναυ δὲ Ἀφρόδιταν.*

"Sweetest mother, I can weave no more to-day,
For such thoughts of him come thronging—
Him for whom my heart is longing—
That I know not where my weary fingers stray."

J. S. Easby-Smith.

One of the two Sapphic odes extant is addressed to the Goddess of Love, and its beauty is such that a well-known writer has declared that "there is not a lyrical poem, in Greek literature nor in any other, which has, by its artistic structure, inspired more enthusiasm than this." Its length alone prevents its quotation here. The other ode contains a description of love's power and ecstasy, which even ancient critics acknowledge to be inimitable for delicate grace and truth.

But Sappho was a poetess of nature as well as of love. She had a Lucretian power of observation. Her similes are borrowed from the simple things of nature. Eros shakes her soul like "a wind on the mountain falling on the oaks" [Wharton]. A fair young bride is as the ripe-red, sweet apple—far out among the topmost branches, untouched only because they could not reach it. A woman unloved is like the purple hyacinth that grows beside mountain paths, and is trampled down by ruthless shepherds' feet. Elsewhere we read of leaves trembling in the heat of a summer day; of the sweet rest that's then found beneath the spreading branches over-arching some woodland brook. One fragment is addressed to evening, and in its few lines we find it easy to picture, with Sir Edwin Arnold, a Lesbian shepherd village, the peace of twilight falling from the violet sky, the

very sea hushing its lapping into an evening lullaby, as the flocks troop slowly down from the velvet hillsides, and parents once more embrace the eager children waiting so longingly for their return.

*Γέσκερε, πάντα φέρων, δύο φάνιολις ἐσχέδασ' αὖως
φέρεις δύν, φέρεις αἶγα, φέρεις ἄπου ματέρι πᾶντα.*

Oh night, who bringest all things back,
That daylight bearing morn has taken,
Thou leadest home the sheep and goats
And mothers to dear babes forsaken.

Sappho, we imagine, must often, in the night hours, have listened to the music of *Ægean* waves on Lesbos' shores. She speaks of the crystal clearness of the starlight, of the rising of the full moon over the horizon—how in its silver brilliancy the stars are lost. In such fairy moonlight she had seen the sacred dance, and had perhaps sighed to think that even the dainty feet of the Cretan maids trampled down the tender turf—

As the full moon rising higher
Banishes the vesper shades,
Round about the sacred fire,
Gather all the Cretan maids;
And around the altar pass,
Tripping nightly, tripping lightly,
To and fro' in rhythmic measure,
Tramping all the honeyed treasure,
From the soft bloom of the grass.

J. S. Easby-Smith.

And perhaps 'twas after some such scene as this, when her tarrying lover failed to keep his tryst, that she wrote :

*Δέδυκτε μὲν α' σελάννα
καὶ Ωληίαδες, μίσατ δὲ
νύκτες, πάρα δ' ερχετ' ὥρα,
εὗρω δὲ μόνα κατεύδω.*

Set the sad sweet moon,
 And faded, too, the Pleiads bright,
 The hours are moving slowly by,
 And oh! how long the hushed midnight,
 Forgotten and alone I lie!
 Would 'twere morning soon!

Sappho was capable of many moods. She sings of love's delight, and then of its pain and sorrow; of lowly home life, and flowers and birds and skies, and then in bridal hymns of wine and aphrodite. She knew the power of self-restraint and soft answers. For warning some one of her maidens, she says:

*Σχιδναμένας ἐν στήθεσιν ὅργας
 μαφυλάκαν γλῶσσαν πεφύλαχθε.*

When burning rage is 'bout thy heartstrings flung,
 Guard well thy reckless, wordy tongue.

Modesty marks her utterances. As a poetess, she declares that she does not hope to touch the sky with her hands—a line which Horace seems to have taken a liking to; as a woman, she scoffs at the uncouth stranger who knows not even how to arrange her skirts about her ankles. She loved delicacy, and love to her was “as the sun in splendor and beauty.” How noble is the reproof she gives to Alcaeus, her brother bard, when he confesses that shame and fear alone bid him keep silence in her presence:

Alcaeus, were thy heart and thought,
 With pure and noble feeling fraught,
 And were thy tongue from evil free,
 Nor framing double speech for me,
 Shame had not driven away thy smile,
 But thou hadst spoken free from guile.

J. S. Easby-Smith.

She knew there was something better in life than possessions, something more to be desired than fame. Sappho, we imagine, was somewhat of a philosopher—are these the words of a profligate woman?

'Ο πλόντος ἀνευ γ' ἀρέτα στ' οὐκ ἀσίνης πάροιχος.

"Wealth without thee, Worth, is no safe neighbor."

Wharton.

Delicacy was a keynote in her life, as we read it from the fragments left of her writings. Lesbos in her day was innocently beautiful. In one respect its inhabitants were still primitive. The love they cherished and invited was undivided and unsullied. They saw no difference between their love for nature, the affection of a maid for her lover, and the fondness of a mother for a child, and Sappho, in Lesbos' innocent youth, wrote under this delicate influence. 'Twas well she lived not to see the degradation of her people. The principles which they professed and which she apparently lived up to were, doubtless, dangerous ones, because undefined, and it probably was not long after her death that Lesbian morals were tottering on the edge of the precipice which had caused Athens' ruin. The fair island became a whitened sepulchre; but let us not lay the blame at the tomb of "Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho." She has suffered for want of fair and unpredisposed criticism. The over-abundant opinions of gossiping hearsay have been taken as truths which, as far as we can judge, but a slight reference to her poems would have negated. Let us do her, at least, the just credit of acknowledging that she was true to self, to nature and to art.

V. Lansing Collins.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.*

From Crete came Hymen veiled in airy mist,
Straight through unmeasured skies he made his way
To Thrace, at Orpheus' call. Yet vain all hope
Of joy. He came, but brought no happiness,
No gladsome face, nor omen fortunate.

* Ovid, Metam., Book X, 2-77.

The very torch he held, with boding smoke,
Kept ever sputtering, and would not flame.
E'en worse than this ill omen was the end ;
For lo ! the bride, as through the fields she strayed
Surrounded by her maids, a serpent stung.
And her the seer of Rhodope mourned sore
And long, making to gods above his plaint.
Then, wishing naught to leave untried, he dared
Go down to Styx, past Taenarum's dark gate.
Through misty sprites, and lifeless images
Of those poor mortals who have passed the tomb,
He neared Proserpine, and him who rules
The gloomy realms of ghosts, and tuned his lyre,
And spake : " Ye decadent gods, whose sway extends
Afar o'er subterranean kingdoms dark,
Whither we come at last all mortal men,—
If I may without hindrance speak the truth
By your permission,—sooth to say, I come
Not here to see the gloom of Tartarus,
Nor yet the three-fold neck of Cerberus,
Shaggy with snakes to conquer, but to seek
My wife, whom late a hated snake did strike
With poisonous fang, and slew her in her prime.
I would have borne her loss, and struggled hard ;
With all my strength I strove, but Love o'ercame
My heart. On earth above his sway is strong.
Here, too, if he has power, I know not, yet
I might almost believe that so it is,
For, if the ancient tale of Pluto's theft
Lie not, ye twain were joined by gentle Love,
And so, by all these regions dark and dread,
This chaos huge, these silent realms and vast,
I pray ye, loose Eurydice from death.
Show mercy, for her fate was premature.
We all are destined for ye, soon or late,
And at the last, with but a short delay
At best, all reach the same sad resting-place ;

This is our lasting home, where all must come ;
Your sway is longest o'er the tribes of men.
So she, though her allotted years so soon
Are gone, is yours by right. Yet as a gift
I beg her back again. And, if 'tis fate
That ye deny all respite for my wife,
Return I never will ; my mind is fixed.
So may ye sate your souls with one death more."

As spake he thus, and tuned his strings to speech,
The lifeless spirits wept; e'en Tantalus
Felt not his eager thirst, and Ixyon's wheel
Was stilled ; the hungry vultures ceased to prey
On Tityus; the Danaids the while
Desert their vase, and sit them down, for once,
Upon the stone which Sisyphus has left.
Then, so the story runs, the Furies first
Did dew their cheeks with tears, to hear the song
The suffering maidens sang. E'en he who rules
The lower world of spirits, and his queen
Could not refuse his prayer; but straight they called
Eurydice from where she stood, 'mid those
Who had but lately died. With faltering step,
Lame from the unhealed wound, she halting came.
Her gave they to her husband, but imposed
The hard condition that he turn not back
His eyes to see her, e'er they pass the vale
Avernus; else the gift would be recalled.

Amid the silent shades they mount the hill
In densest mist enshrouded, steep, and dark.
And now they neared the surface of the earth ;
The welcome goal no longer loomed afar,
When foolish fear of loss, and eager wish
To see her, made her lover turn his head.
Forthwith she vanished, and, still stretching forth
Her arms in vain desire to clasp him close,
Enfolded naught but mocking, empty air.
Now, dead a second time, no more may she

Be brought back by her husband's eager quest;
 For now what cause has she for further plaint
 But that he loved too well? One last good-bye
 She murmurs, but the sound he scarcely hears,
 And back she turns forever whence she came.

Stark dazed stood Orpheus by her double death,
 As one who, trembling, views the three great necks
 Of Cerberus, and loses not his fear
 Until his former self is turned to stone.

Such was thy fate, Olenos, who didst wish
 Upon thyself to take the punishment
 Thy wife deserved,—Lethaea, hapless one,
 Who boasted of her beauty; for your hearts,
 Once fondly loving, now are naught but stones
 Which on the side of dewy Ida rest.

And Orpheus, vainly gazing, with fond wish
 To cross once more, the Ferryman had stopped.
 Yet seven days he still sat on the bank
 In mourning and forlorn, and took no food,
 But care and grief and tears his nourishment.
 And at the last to lofty Rhodope,
 And Haemus, beaten ever by the winds,
 He took his lonely way, complaining sore
 How cruel were the gods of Erebus.

James Westervelt.

THE FOURTH GENERATION.

ON a bluff which overlooks one of Berkshire's most beautiful lakes, in the midst of a tangle of uncut grass and untrimmed foliage, stands a large, old-fashioned house, with wide hall, broad stair-case, quaintly carved wood-work and polished oaken floors, now silent and deserted, and seeming to be dreaming through all its wide extent of the days when it was thronged with life and happiness.

I went there one day, many years ago, to visit my college chum, Jack Metcalfe, who, worn out with the gaieties of a New York season, had sought rest and quiet beneath its mossy roof.

We were sitting in the library before the fire, whose dying embers cast a flickering shadow on the dark wainscoted walls, heavy-beamed ceiling and dreary rows of musty smelling books. It was a fearful night without. The wind sighed and moaned around the eves with an almost human sound; the windows trembled in their unshuttered casements, and the rose, too, outside—skeleton of its summer loveliness—kept tapping with ghostly fingers on the panes, while during the pauses in the storm we heard the waves dashing on the beach below, or the hoarse cry of a screech-owl or a loon.

We had been silent for almost an hour, thinking of college days long gone, and friends now widely scattered, when Jack, who was playing with a curious old dagger, turned to me and said: "This was my great grandfather's; he wore it the night he died. Did I ever tell you about it?"

"No, old man, and I should like to hear it," I answered, tossing another log into the great fire-place, for the darkness within and the storm without were becoming oppressive.

"This, as near as I can recall it, is the story. His great grandfather, the owner of the dagger, a few years after his marriage, had become infatuated with a young and beautiful girl, the daughter of the village rector. It was the old story—an unreasoning passion and its bitter, long repentance. He ruined her; but she refused to leave him, and to save his family from dishonor he concealed her in a secret chamber above this library, accessible through a stairway hidden by the book-cases; and here her child was born. The only one who knew their secret was an old negress, who waited on her and brought her food. Then the Revolution came, and he enlisted. In 1785 the old slave died, crying out in her dying agony about 'The fair lady and her child!'

No one heard her ravings, of course, save her fellow-slaves, who whispered that 'Old Marm Ca'line' had died insane, and bad luck would surely follow. And they were right. For days after her death strange sounds were heard by those who entered the library, and smothered cries in the walls, the air, it seemed, and all around. The slaves in terror shunned the haunted room, and every effort to evolve the mystery proved useless. Then all again grew quiet, and the strange noises were forgotten in preparation for the grand fête which was to welcome the master's return.

"The festal day arrived. The ball-room was aglow with waxen tapers, the dames and gallants had all assembled, and the host led off the opening minuet. But as the graceful dance proceeded, the guests noticed a deadly pallor on the soldier's face. He staggered, groaned and fell, dying almost instantly. Apoplexy, the physicians said, but the slaves whispered that the ghost had taken its vengeance; for in some way the secret spring in the book-case had been touched, the hidden stairway disclosed, and in the little attic room they found the bones of the woman and her child.

"He was thirty-five years old," said Jack; "my grandfather died when thirty-four, and my father at thirty-eight, and each time that spring has turned and disclosed the secret stairway." He paused, and I shivered as I heard the strange call of a loon wafted to us on the wings of the storm. Then he continued. "The slaves have woven many stories on this tiny thread, but close them all with a strange mixture of religion and superstition by an assertion that the curse will extend to the third and fourth generation."

The fire burned brightly up and glittered on the rusty blade and silver hilt of the old dagger, then died away again into glowing embers. "Even to the third and fourth generation" he repeated, then with a nervous laugh, "wouldn't you like to see the attic to-night, Lon; it is much gloomier and more romantic by candle light?" I shuddered, it was all so real, the night so wild, the queer old room looked weird

and uncanny in the fire light, and each one of the stiff, sombre portraits on the wall seemed following me with its eyes. "No," I said, "I'll go to bed," and so he showed me into the little bed-room adjoining, lighted the candle on the table, and said he would come as soon as he finished his cigar.

For a long time I could not sleep. Even to the third and fourth generation, ran through all my thoughts like a refrain, and I tossed about in that strange borderland between wakefulness and slumber, half unconsciously noting and weaving into my dreams the sounds from the world around me—the wailing wind and dashing waves or the loud ticking of the old Dutch clock as it counted out the minutes across the silent room. Once I thought I heard a light step on the polished floor, or the creaking of a door, but as all was instantly silent again, I sank back into troubled slumbers. As the clock struck six I awoke with a start, and wondered why Jack had not yet come to bed. I will go and call him, I thought, getting up. The rain had ceased and the storm-tossed daylight was slowly creeping up from the lake and across the eastern sky, giving new weirdness to surrounding objects by its dim half light. The gloomy portraits stared at me from the walls with unwinking eyes. The fire was now only a heap of dust-gray ashes, and Jack sat motionless before it with his head thrown back against the cushions. His hands still clasped the silver dagger hilt whose rusty blade gleamed in the light glimpse of dawn; but as I bent over him his icy brow and vacant, stony eyes gave proof that death had been there many hours, and as added evidence I saw two small blue marks upon his throat. Some irresistible power drew my eyes toward the musty book-cases. The secret spring had been touched and the hidden passage was disclosed.

Alonzo Church.

IN A SAXON KEEP.

A STEEP, cobble-paved street, starting from the bridge across the swirling mill stream at the foot of the hill, and winding between two zigzag rows of narrow-gabled and quaintly lattice windowed houses, varied by a few little shops, whose ill-fitting shutters are never drawn and whose meagre display of goods is never changed; past an inn, ancient and rambling, with a low gateway that leads into a courtyard, and is ornamented by a grotesque swinging sign, which creaks in the least puff of salt breeze from the sea five miles away—such is the road to the Saxon Keep.

It's a queer little town to go through, and almost as dormant as the ruins which make it famous. There was a white-haired, stooping-shouldered guardian sitting in the arched entrance to the Keep, and I fell a talking with him about his crumbling charge. It was built centuries ago, when knights were still scarce known in Britain, back in the remote time when woods were thick in every hollow, and each hill-top had its watch-tower. The old man spun me a yarn or two about the place, interwoven with a few choice bits of door-step gossip. Then he told me how long he had lived in the village down below. He had come as a boy and had grown gray there, and now he had chosen a corner for himself in the old churchyard down yonder, where the dwarfed spire peeped out among the trees. His wrinkled face was lit up with smiles of pleasure when I said I would drop in that evening and see him at his cottage.

"Me an' th' old 'ooman 'll be glad t' see yer, sir—glad t' see yer!"

Then I went on in, and climbed the loose stone steps that lead to the parapet.

From the top of the wall in the afternoon sun, there was a magnificent view. Far away in the distance was a narrow patch of blue—the channel. Between it and the town lay a mass of green and gold and brown, dark woods and

bright meadows; yellow cornfields, with here and there dashes of gay color, where some white farmhouse had a garden of flowers.

Nor were these all the result of man's labor. Some were fields of wild flowers—blue and scarlet and orange and purple and crimson. Back of you, to the right, rose the wooded hills, a belt of dark olive, while to the left your eye was caught by the gray old castle, built long after the Keep, but now a ruin too, and striving to share with it the town's pride.

Leaning on the uneven edge of the parapet, where, between my elbows, a solitary sweet violet was growing, with my chin in my hands I gazed at the landscape until my eyelids grew heavy and I dozed.

"Yes, there are many tales about that castle and this Keep——." The voice came from below; it was the violet talking.

"For instance," in its small voice it went on, "I could tell you a tale now about——."

"Excuse me," I interrupted, "but just a word. Pray explain yourself. You are merely a flower; that castle has been in ruins for a hundred years or more. How did you come to hear these tales about it? You weren't there when the events occurred—you'll grant that!"

"My dear stranger, that is no argument at all!" And I imagined I heard a little high laugh. "Why, we flowers have a language! Do you suppose that trees and plants don't talk? Why, we live just as much as you men do, and in the solemn night-time, when people are asleep, we whisper to each other, and tell each other everything we know! Some of those old oaks down there could tell you things they saw when Cæsar—wasn't that his name? I only heard of him the other night—when Cæsar was here, ever so long ago. They live so much longer than we, and, you know, people don't pick them like they do us flowers."

This view of life in flower-land I had to acknowledge had never dawned on me.

"Yes, that's so," I replied meditatively, "but, tell me, how did you get up here on top of this tower, so far away from your natural place?"

"Oh, that's quite a little romance;" and I heard that fairy-like laugh again. "You see, it was this way. There was a party of strangers up here last year, and one of them, a young lady, so my friend Stone here says, left four or five violets from the bunch she had gathered in the grounds below, on the parapet as a tribute, she said, to this old tower. I was only a flower-seed then, and I didn't know anything about it; but Wind—he's another friend of ours—blew the little flowers into one of the spaces between the stones, where there was some crumbled mortar, and this spring I grew up. Funny, wasn't it?

"But to my story. Long, long ago, when that castle over there was not very old, an earl lived in it—Sir Francis Holbornhurst. He was very wealthy, and owned more acres than one could ride through in three days. Now amid all the beauty of his castle and his wildwood lands, nothing was more lovely than Lady Vera, his daughter. She was not proud and haughty like her father. Her chief delight was to ride to the village and visit the humble cottagers, and they all loved her for it. Oftentimes she would come back with a handful of roses that some child had perchance given her, or with a sprig of jessamine from the vine clambering about some cottage door. The earl used to pass down the street, never casting a glance on the simple folk he lorded. He despised such folly as noticing a villager.

"Now, he wished his daughter to wed one Traverston, son of a kinsman in Northumberland; but Lady Vera disliked him. The earl knew that she loved another, and 'tis said that in one of the many talks he had with her in the long gallery of the castle, 'mid the coats of mail and the tapestry and the dark portraits of ancestors, he swore that she should never wed young Arthur, whom she loved. Nevertheless, the girl met her lover, on summer evenings, up in this ruined Keep. It came to the ears of the earl, and he for-

bade her to venture beyond the terrace of the castle after sundown. He said, with a smile, that he feared the heavy dews and the sea mists. But the lovers found in the old Keep a crevice, between two of the loose stones in the parapet, and there they used to put letters for each other. Now, it happened one day that Lady Vera dropped one of these letters, and her father read it, and he vowed that if young Arthur were ever again seen on his grounds he should not depart alive. The youth, however, managed to steal into the Keep once more and leave a letter in the hiding-place between the stones; and in it he begged Lady Vera, if she loved him truly and well, to flee with him from Holbornhurst. He had received a summons from the court, which meant prosperity. It demanded his immediate departure for London, and thence abroad. He implored her to give him answer next day. When Lady Vera read the letter her heart beat fast. Dared she leave her father? And was it right? She thought long over her lover's words; and then she put the answer he wished into the crevice, but through haste and fear she unwittingly thrust it in too far, and it fell in behind the stone where the mortar had sifted away.

"That night, in the darkness, Arthur stole for the last time to the Keep. He sought for his answer. No letter was there. He looked again and again. No; she had not answered him, and he went away sick at heart. At least, if she loved him, she would have written some little line! At least she would have sent him some word! He departed at sunrise for London, and soon was sent abroad with a commission from the king.

"Lady Vera, meanwhile, had waited for his coming. She had waited, muffled in a traveling cloak—had waited long and wearily, and then had returned to her chamber as the first streaks of dawn shot over the wooded hills. She watched for a letter, but the crevice in the parapet remained empty. Her letter she saw not—of course he had taken it; but there was no letter in reply. Why had he not come?

Why had he not written? And as the days and months crept by her heart grew heavier, for she loved young Arthur.

"Sir Francis, as he became more aged, urged her again and again to wed Lord Traverston. He stormed and fumed and fretted when she still refused. At length, as the months increased into years, and yet no news had come of Arthur, she yielded to her father's wish.

The marriage was brilliant, and yet it lacked. Lady Vera was beautiful, but stately and cold as an ivory goddess. The years passed. Sir Francis died. The gray ruin became grayer, and the ivy crept higher and closer to the loosening stones. Lady Vera advanced to the full bloom of womanhood, but her heart seemed dead, and although her husband tried to win her love, he failed. She still went to the village and visited the low-linteled cottages as of old. One day, in the summer time, while she was riding down the zigzag street, she heard in the little open space before the quaint old inn a minstrel play and sing. The children were gathered about him, and the men were standing around listening. He sang so sweetly that Lady Vera bade him come to the castle that night and sing to her. They ushered him to the great long hall in the twilight hour, and he sang as the shadows crept in through the deep mullioned windows and loitered about the suits of mail and the huge, yawning fire-place and the ancestors' portraits on the tapestried walls. He sang many sweet and dainty ballads, and softly fingered the strings of his harp between whiles. Then all at once he ceased. Lady Vera waited a space and then said:

"'Pray, kind minstrel, art weary of playing?'

"'Nay, fair lady,' he replied, 'I was but listening to my thoughts.'

"'Thy thoughts must be sweet indeed to entice thee from such music! I beg thee play some more.'

"'I have but one more song; if it please you that I sing it,' and he quietly struck some low rich chords and sang;

and the ballad he sang was the story of Lady Vera and Arthur. She started when she understood.

"Minstrel, cease! Who art thou?" she demanded with trembling voice.

"Fair lady, I am but a wandering minstrel, whose name is Guedolf —."

"Methought thy voice seemed almost familiar; and yet—and yet—. Whence that song? Who taught it thee?"

"Madam, once in a distant land, I heard the tale. A stranger from this country told it of himself to me in the open air, one night 'neath the starlit sky—"

"A stranger! What was he like?"

"It was too dark for the minstrel to see the paleness of her cheek, the straight look of her eye, the tightness of her lips, the quick heaving of her bosom in the crimson velvet corset. But, perhaps, he heeded not the sight.

"He was a tall and fair-haired stranger, wandering in distant lands because the lady whose heart he thought was his loved him not. I would she knew how true Arthur—"

"Arthur! Arthur! Minstrel, I was the lady! He was *not* true, or he would have come at my bidding. That he took my letter I know, for it was gone when I went again to yon ruin, and since then I have heard naught of him. Nay, he was *not* true! Would to heaven he had been! And I—" she added in a low, deep tone, "I—love him still. But thou understandest not. Go! I am unwell. To-morrow I would talk more with thee. Leave me; thy music hath unnerved me. Go!"

"The minstrel left her presence as one dazed; and as he went slowly through the castle grounds one might have heard him mutter 'I love him still'—'love him still.'

"He turned aside to the silent ruin. The old worn steps had not much changed; only the vines had grown stronger and the weeds were more tangled. He groped his way around the parapet and paused before a certain stone from about which the mortar had sifted. He thrust his hand into the crevice. Nothing was there. This was the stone,

surely enough; and yet she said there had been a letter. The stone was much loosened, and by a small effort he pulled it out from the wall a little, and his hand, trembling, felt in the crevice once more—and drew out a letter. He stood awhile motionless, with his eyes fixed on the damp mildewed paper, as though he were trying to read. And when he lifted his face he gazed long at a window in the grim castle hard by; but it was dark—dark as the night around him."

* * * * *

"Be yer 'sleep, sir? Time I was agoin' 'ome, sir!"

The old keeper was at my side, and lightly patted my shoulder. I roused myself and looked up. The veil of woodland was inky black against the sky; the fields had lost their brilliant color; the narrow patch of sea in the distance had mistily faded into the darkening horizon; the sun was almost set; a bat was circling close above our heads; the sky was tinged as deeply as the little violet between the stones. My fingers closed about the flower's slender stem. I thought to keep it in remembrance of the ruin. But something in me stayed my hand, and I left it there on the parapet. Then, turning, I followed the gray-haired old man down the loose stone steps.

V. Lansing Collins.

APRIL.

BALLADE.

STILL in secluded spots stand mounds of snow,
Not yet dissolved beneath the sun's mild ray;
And on the hills slight tufts of verdure show
Against the background of the meadows gray.
The frail wind-flowers, like a dash of spray,
Upon the air their subtle incense fling;
Along the woods the saucy sparrows play,
When Winter lingers in the lap of Spring.

The sluggish stream, with winding course and slow,
 Murmurs a low refrain, and fain would stay;
 And from the marsh, where waving grasses blow,
 The frogs take up their song at close of day.
 The willows on the bank in long array
 Now to the River-God their offering bring,
 Soft flakes of down, that whirl and drift away,
 When Winter lingers in the lap of Spring.

Not yet may we the cheerful fire forego,
 Not yet hath come the genial warmth of May;
 Still may we feel the sympathetic glow,
 And watch the quivering flame while yet we may.
 The roadsides now their treacherous banks display;
 And down the street, where mud and pebbles cling,
 With dainty step my lady picks her way,
 When Winter lingers in the lap of Spring.

ENVOL.

Sunshine and Storm, and Night and Day!
 Pray still your weird enchantment fling;
 Still for a space remorseless time delay,
 When Winter lingers in the lap of Spring.

M'Cready Sykes.

L'ARLÉSIENNE.*

AS YOU go down to the village from my mill, you pass in front of a wooden farm-house, situated near the road, at the bottom of a large court-yard, planted with nettle trees. It is a typical Provence farmer's house, with its red tiles, its large brown front, lighted up at irregular intervals by windows, and its granary weather-vane high above everything else, the pulleys for hoisting stones, and some projecting tufts of hay.

* From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

Why did this house affect me so ?

Why did this closed gate make me feel a tightening at my heart-strings ?

I could not tell ; and yet it made my blood run cold. It was so silent.

When you passed it the dogs did not bark, the guinea-fowls took to flight without a single cry ! Inside not a sound ; not even the tinkle of a mule-bell ! If it had not been for the white window-curtains, and the smoke rising above the roof, you would have thought the place was deserted.

Yesterday, at noon, as I was returning from the village, I walked along the wall in the shade of the nettle trees, to escape the heat of the sun. On the road in front of the house some servants were silently loading a cart with hay. The gate was standing open, and as I passed I looked in. At the bottom of the court-yard, with his head buried in his hands and his elbows resting on a large stone table, I saw an old, white-haired man, clad in a vest which was much too short for him, and a pair of ragged trousers. I stopped, and one of the men said to me, in a low voice, "Chut ! it is the master ; he has been that way ever since his son's misfortune."

At that moment a woman and a little boy, both dressed in black and carrying in their hands large gilt prayer-books, passed near us and entered the yard. The man added, "The mistress and Cadet returning from mass. They go there every day now, since the boy killed himself. Ah, sir ! what misery ! The father still wears the clothes of his dead son, and they can't make him give them up."

"Gee, there ; go 'long !" The cart started to leave, but wishing to learn more, I asked the driver if I might take a seat beside him, and up there in the hay I heard his touching story.

His name was Jan. He was a fine country lad, twenty years old, gentle as a girl, with a true heart and frank, open eyes. He was very handsome, and a great favorite

with the girls. But he had eyes for only one of them, a little Arlésienne, gayly dressed in velvet and lace, whom he had met once at the circus at Arles.

At the farm they did not look upon this attachment with pleasure when they first heard of it. The girl had the reputation of being a coquette, and her family did not belong to their part of the country.

But Jan loved his sweetheart mightily, and told his parents he would die if they did not give her to him. So they were constrained to yield, and it was finally decided that the marriage should take place when the harvest was over.

One Sunday evening after this the family were just finishing supper in the court-yard. It was almost a wedding feast they were having. To be sure, the fiancée was not present, but they had drunk her health again and again. Suddenly a man made his appearance at the gate, and in a trembling voice asked to speak privately with Maître Estève.

Estève got up and went out on the road.

"Maître Estève," said the man, "you are going to marry your child to a faithless woman, who has been pledged to me for two years. What I say I can prove. Read these letters. Her parents know all about it, and had promised her to me, but when your son came courting her, neither they nor the girl herself would have anything more to do with me. I should have thought, though, that after all that passed between us she could never be the wife of another."

"You did right to speak to me," said Maître Estève, when he had looked over the letters. "Come in and have a glass of muscatel?"

"I have more grief than thirst," replied the stranger, and took his leave. The father returned with unmoved face and took his seat again at the table, and the dinner ended merrily.

That evening, Estève and his son went out together to the fields. They remained away a long time, but when they came back the mother was still waiting for them.

"Wife," said the husbandman, leading his son up to her, "kiss him; he is unhappy."

Jan no longer talked of his Arlésienne. Still, he loved her yet, even more than before, since he had seen her in the arms of another. But he was too proud to say anything, and it was that trying to bear his grief alone that killed him, poor boy. Sometimes he would pass whole days in a corner without stirring. Then, again, he would go furiously to work in the fields, and accomplish single-handed as much as ten day-laborers. In the evening he took the road to Arles, and walked to a point where he could see rising in the west the slender spires of the city churches; but then he came back,—for he never would go any farther.

Seeing him in this condition, always sad and solitary, the people of the farm did not know what to do. They were always in dread of some catastrophe. Once, at dinner, his mother, looking at him with tearful eyes, said: "Well, Jan, if, after all, you still love her, we will give her to you."

His father hung his head with shame-faced blushes, but Jan answered "No," and left the room.

From that day he changed his manner of life, pretending to be always gay, that he might re-assure his parents. He was seen once more at the dance, at the tavern, and at the smithy. At the Fonvieille election it was he who led the *farandole*.

His father said, "He has gotten over it;" but his mother was still always fearful, and always watching over her child. Jan slept with Cadet, near the silk-worm nursery, so the poor old woman made herself a bed by the side of their room—"The silk-worms might need her in the night," she said.

Then came the Fête of Saint Eloi, patron of silk-worm cultivators, and there were fine times at the farm. There was *château-neuf* for everybody, and as for burnt wine, it seemed fairly to rain that, there was so much. Then there were fireworks, and bonfires, and gayly colored Chinese lanterns hanging from the nettle-trees.

"Long live Saint Éloi," they shouted, and the *farandole* went madly on. Cadet burned his new blouse in his excitement. Jan, too, seemed in a happy mood. He wanted to make his mother dance with him, and the poor woman wept for joy.

At midnight they went to bed, for everybody needed the rest.

Jan, however, could not sleep—Cadet told afterwards how all night long he lay sobbing on the bed. Ah! his heart was near breaking, I warrant you.

Next morning, at daybreak, the mother heard some one running across her room, and a presentiment of what was happening came to her. "Jan," she cried, "is that you?"

But Jan did not answer; he was already on the stairway.

Quickly, quickly the mother rose. "Jan, where are you going?" she cried again.

He mounted to the granary, and she followed him.

"My son, in the name of Heaven!" she entreated.

But his only reply was to close the door and draw the bolt.

"Jan, my Janet, answer me! What are you going to do?"

She groped her way along, and with aged, trembling hands sought for the latch. A window opened, the noise of a body falling on the flag-stones of the court was heard, and all still again.

The poor boy had said to himself, "My love for her is too strong; I must end it all."

Alas, what miserable hearts we have! Why is it that scorn cannot conquer love?

That morning the people of the village asked each other who it could be crying so over there in the direction of the Estève farm.

It was the mother, sitting in the court-yard, beside the stone table all covered with dew and blood, and moaning over the dead body of her son, which she held tightly clasped in her arms.

John Glover Wilson.

“LET OTHERS PRAISE THE TOWERING HEIGHT.”

LET others praise the towering height
And rugged grandeur of the glowering mountain
peak,
Frowning and cold and cruel;
I hate them in their mist-clad arrogance—
I hate, and somewhat fear them.

Give me a warm and waving bit of sun-kissed meadow
land,
Waving and warm, and sloping gently
To a stream's caressing curves,
Where willows bend and sigh and softly touch the
brim,
Where slow-hoofed cattle find their way
At evening time,
Along the zig-zag fence and past the untrimmed hedge
That follows easily the swelling of the hill.
At evening, when the willows bend their heads
And cease their sighing for a space,
Until the last gold-red has quivered on their tingling
tips,
Then sigh—and wave again all night,
—Ah! this I love.

Jesse Lynch Williams.

THE DOCTOR SPEAKS.

“THE trouble with young writers,” said the Doctor, “is that they are too apt to write about ideas which do not at all enter their own existence, and that, too, in a manner which they hope will not bear the characteristic marks of youth. The result is that what they construct is in no way the outcome of their own individuality, and hence produces the very effect which they persuaded themselves they were avoiding. The mistake lies in a misconception of what

should be their object and of themselves in relation to that object.

"They have an idea that the word 'literary' refers to a world and an atmosphere of its own, in a far countree, entirely separated and very different from life; and that in order to do as the Romans do one must throw off everything connected with his own individuality and put on a dress prescribed by rule, and altogether distinct from that of his ordinary life; and this results in the second quality of young writers, and one which is sometimes equally as amusing—their attempts at finished style. Being ignorant of any distinction between what is involved in the word 'style' and what is mere diction, phraseology, and arrangement of sentences, they tell themselves that they are producing style when they avail themselves of sonorous and perhaps unfamiliar words, clumped in a catchy arrangement of clauses, after the model they seek to imitate.

"Now, while I would give them all due credit for their enterprise and perseverance in hunting down fine plump words and building out well-running sentences, some one should tell them that by all this process, though they may be constructing firmly-scaffolded paragraphs, they are not producing style. That much-abused term designates a quality which has its genesis and life-center in deeper metaphysical ground than any assumed or acquired schemes of phraseology, and can only be educated in the way that character—to which it bears a family resemblance—is, namely, internally. The process should be a growth, not a building. Of course, as in your character-moulding, you may perform an action for sake of applause so often that the affectation becomes a natural pose; so in the cultivation of this thing 'style,' you can imitate mannerisms until they become second nature, but they will always bear the stamp of affectation to the careful reader, and can never become the automatic outcome of your personality, as style should be. For it is of a subjective rather than an objective nature, and in its formation are included one's environment, one's

carriage, one's attitude toward the world—the individual's whole view of the human and material spectacle.

"Furthermore, the young writer seems to forget that the reader has generally been there himself, and goes on composing his fine, balanced sentences, and straining and going out of his way after a taking clause-form, all the time saying to himself "that will sound well," and holding up before himself a picture of the reader exclaiming "that man's well-read," or "how cultured." But if he is foolish enough to save those productions, as I have done, and if upon some rainy day he should, four years later, take out those carefully built climaxes, with a foolish, blushing smile, and ten years later with what a hearty laugh, he will peruse those vealish productions.

"Don't you realize that you're only boys? Why can't you write as boys, and from a boy's standpoint? If you only knew how much more interesting and refreshing it would be to us who are old, and who would be delighted once more to see the world through fresh young eyes, and how much more satisfactory and instructive it would be to yourselves!

"Surely you must know that a maturer judgment can write on a mature subject a maturer essay than can a young man."

At this point I made as if to say something, but he interrupted me. "Stop! I am coming to that. All that I have heretofore said pointed at what I am now about to say:

"The fault lies not so much in the boyish foibles of the pupil as in the hide-bound narrowness; the dusty pedantry; the ancient superstition; the relics of scholasticism; the hollow sophistry, of those who hold the controlling influence over the means and methods of training the youthful mind, and whose duty it should be to show the inner soul of Literature, and who, instead, cast the blinding haze of a dry scientific, and too logical method, which results in the young mind's having a distorted vision of an immense world far apart from life—called Literature."

He then proceeded to pitch into the methods and principles of the study of literature in our universities, in the most vehement language I ever heard the usually phlegmatic old doctor use. He said that "they choked us with dry bones of analysis gone mad ; that this process was wrong in itself; that they give the youthful mind rows upon rows of deduction gathered from the workshop of ages; . . . and this was the reverse of the natural—or even of the scientific process they desired to introduce into a sphere where something more than mere learning cast the controlling influence ; that in departments of composition and expression, not content with killing all zest and interest by an assigning of subjects not germane to youthful cogitation and its environment, they sought to stamp out all individuality and originality of method and style by a forcible encouragement of imitation, instead of origination ; of artificiality instead of *naivete*"—He strung out a lot of antitheses which he said mark "the asininity of a system based on directly the opposite of the right hypotheses," and made a lot of other accusations and characterizations which I cannot remember, and would write down if I could. Here are several scattered statements of a milder type :

"Other things being equal, I would like to burn those books. . . . Fail to distinguish between knowledge and learning. . . . Subjecting of form to matter. . . . In a sense, reading and writing antipodal. . . . Books are not a source of inspiration, but of pedantry. Books can generate little but bookishness. . . . Life is *all*. . . . Time for another Coleridge to arise, who can see that each genius is a separate organism." . . .

Soon, changing his tone to one of apology, for you must know that I didn't like this abuse, he said :

"Of course it is not my place or purpose to criticise the regulators of your curriculum duties or the methods of the heads of your departments of instruction. But I do believe that what is studied in our universities of to-day under the

head of literature tends to cast a confusing haze over what is or ought to be the spirit of that word."

Then, as if to excuse the instructors as he had done the students, he said :

" This distortion is the result of an infection so deeply rooted in the vitals of this age that our present-day vision can only catch an occasional glimpse of what will be held up to ridicule in some future Renaissance as SOPHISTICISM."

The doctor stopped here for a moment, and dropped his formal tone.

" Young man," he said, " when you asked me to give you some points for your essay on the grounds that I was 'somewhat literary,' I told you that I was most happy to air my views, but that it was on the grounds of our family friendship. I objected laughingly, but it was also seriously, to having the appellation 'somewhat literary' applied to me, because I am not at all what that word implies, and would not care to admit it if I were. I am only a poor country doctor, who lives alone in an old house, with a great cumbersome old-fashioned library, far away from any Browning clubs or authors' clubs, or any sort of coterie. I work hard amongst my patients, and in my work I think about men and humanity in my own narrow way, and in my spare moments I read—even a few of the magazines and one or two new books each year that are recommended (by friends, not critics), and I think my own narrow thoughts about them and ponder over them, and even make so bold as to criticise, verbally, by my own old-fashioned fire-place—all according to my own eccentric standards of what ought to be.

" Among my personal acquaintance I number but few *litterati* (why I should hate the word I do not know), and I am no more up to the fashions in the literary world than I am in the social, so it will do no one any harm if I say that our self-conscious literature of to-day is singing in a false note; our literary criticism is an empty formalism, and our *littérateurs* are a set of self-conscious fashion followers.

Life should be the norm which regulates book writing, and they have made a superficial norm from the generations of books. They have an idea that over here is a great bothersome, bustling world of life—and up there, running parallel to it, and occasionally having some relation with it, but ever keeping a dainty and dignified distance from it, is the smooth and self satisfied (though somewhat confused just now, perhaps,) world of letters. They do not seem to know that the world of letters is simply a part of another, and not such a mighty part, of another and greater organism—Life. From life should literature draw its warm, throbbing blood, obtain its nourishment, take its appearance and learn its conduct. And they? They would get all this from books."

He said that he knew his was only the opinion of an inconsistent and uncultured countryman, and he did not wish to maintain that his judgments were correct, but only that their judgments were wrong, and that "If some of them could leave for a time their literary circles, and fly far out of reach of the busy presses and the scratching pens in the bustling, breathless city streets, perhaps they would see what would make them open their eyes with astonishment and shame."

In this connection he also said that it was a mistake to think that a great reader makes a great writer; it only makes a bookish man; that such were no more literary, in the true sense, than an old classmate of his was well-read, because he could and would incessantly and tirelessly quote poetry on all and every sort of occasions. That such knew *about* Literature, but did not know Literature herself. That it sometimes seemed to him that it was only in the modern slang meaning of the word that "Reading maketh the 'full' man"; that he had no use for those precocious youngsters that said "Read everything." I remember an incident he told with great deal of humor, though I forgot what exact part of the thought it illustrated.

He once heard a conversation, he said, between a young lady and a young man from one of our large universities, which is not in Jersey, and which is divided up into numerous cliques. "To what set do you belong, Mr. H.?" the young girl asked. "Oh, I," he replied, running his hand through his Swinburnian hair, "belong to the literary set." He also told his fair confidant that he was going into literature. The story amused the doctor a great deal, and he laughed heartily in telling it. "I saw the young man four years later," said he, "and heard him say that he was 'working on a newspaper.'"

In connection with his remarks on the tendency to separate Literature and Life, the Doctor said :

"They are creating an independent soul for the creature, literature, and are giving it a conscience and a table of laws, and a system of ethics, all derived from a self-evolution of a number of generations. Not that they are lax in the administering of justice—not at all. If an action does conform with their rules, censure is swift and sure. But their rules! It never occurs to them to question these. If the subject of examination is not The thing, out it goes. But they would no more go deeper and question the correctness of the standard than certain society people we know would examine into form of Form. They have no independent consciences of their own—they are merely a parasitic growth, and the worst of it is that, unlike the plant, they could, if they chose, be independent; but, instead of this, they voluntarily throw away their individual conscience, and assume without question the conscience of the society, and strive to become like every other Tom, Dick and Harry of the guild, notwithstanding that there are within the sight of all the Kiplings and others who have jumped to fame by that long pole—Independence."

I interrupted the doctor at this point. "Very well," he said, "I was just about to begin on the theme of which this hour has been but a meagre introduction, but I will omit the few more connecting sentences I had in mind to voice."

But something interfered with our conversation so that he could not conclude that evening, and in fact did not during that visit, nor until my next stay in his old Virginia house.

In the meantime I wrote my essay.

THE DOCTOR'S IDEA.

"YOU are quite right," said the doctor, in his hearty tones, "in saying that the short story is becoming the more and more universal form of present-day fiction; that it is characteristic of this generation—this dawn of the electric age; that it is the natural out-growth of the demands of the rushing times of lightning journeys and quickly-made fortunes. I agree with you in saying that the day of the tale of wonderful deeds and hair-breadth escapes and magical adventures is nearly over. And this is as it should be, in spite of the fact that the average reader goes to the story, not so much for the study of art, as for relaxation or amusement. I am glad that the modern trend is for a picture—and it's often a kodak—of a single aspect of nature, human or material, or a single situation of characters or one combination of sentiments and emotions. The plot should be merely a frame work, automatically developing from the artistic examination of the situation under study. I know many of your critics will not admit this, but I think that if they were to inquire of the author himself they would find that the origin of the best stories (best from an artist's standpoint, I mean), is not in a chain of happenings, manufactured or suggested, and called a plot, but in some little sentiment or situation, or human nature attitude; some abstract half-light, suggested it may be by a single detail under the writer's observation, but developing and evolutionizing under the study of the composer—who is only an interpreter—according to the natural lines of its

metaphysical nature. It should be put down among the list of popular superstitions that writers hear or manufacture plots, and then 'work in' by-play and character-sketching, and pad with description. This, if done, is manifestly reversing the natural order. Character must have been before action—feeling before words. It is *all* there, and the process of interpretation is where Art comes in."

From this point I lost the trail for a while, as the doctor got so metaphysical that I couldn't keep up with him. He dwelt at length on the difference between story-writing and story-telling—a difference which I had only mentioned, and which he showed to be a very essential one; from that he fell to discoursing on the psychological process, respectively, of writing and reading; why we read fiction—what elements were in the make-up of the inclination to, and the pleasure in, reading. He was very severe on "tricksters" and what he called "jugglery." On this same subject of interpretation, he said: "Your true artist, having in his mind to produce one effect, every stroke he avails himself of is with that end in view; when he writes his beginning he has in his mind the end, and the character of the beginning is in this way determined by the end. Every paragraph, sentence and word is moulded and colored by the *motif* of the whole. No irrelevant word can be put in. When all is done, no word can be altered, none left out and none added.

"Touch," he went on, "is a narrower term than style. An author may have a variety of touches, and yet his writing is all of his own one style—one personality applied in different manners and degrees, according to the object upon which it is directed. An artist with the brush has one characteristic style, but he does not use the same brushes in painting a storm that he does in producing dainty little studies like that over there. That's a point concerning which I wish certain of our story-writers would make more of a study. As you said, success in story-writing depends not so much on the story as the way it is told. It is not so

much the *what* as the *how* of it all. What I call touch is included in what constitutes 'the how.' This is often the criterion of acceptance by many an editor (not that *that* fact is a criterion of excellence by any means). The author's idea may be good, his plot interesting, his construction clever; but his story is a failure because, though his style itself is good enough, the *way* his story is written is not adapted to what he has to say. His touch is not the right kind. Many writers, and you would be surprised if I should mention some of their names, do not recognize the existence of any distinction of this kind; yet it is all-powerful. I don't mean to say that one touch must be maintained through the subject. It is in this very ability to change that some writers excel. For a young writer to try it, is very dangerous, however. Closely allied to this quality is that of Mood. This is a still more subtle quality, and one most difficult to control. I have often been told of writers striving time and again to finish a sketch or story and finally give up in disgust simply because they can not get hold of the mood they had when they were writing before. Mood is a quality that I can't explain clearly. Its effect amounts to something like the intonation of the voice which should be used in reading aloud the sentences. It is very capricious in composing, as I have said, and is very deceptive, too. I once saw an author leave the room where a story of his was being read, and it was by a clever and sympathetic reader, too. He told me afterwards that he could not listen to his sentences, every one swung out in a manner to spoil the effect he had toiled to produce."

From mood he went on with a long list of qualities: Point of view, Tone, Color, Atmosphere, Reserve-Touches, Etching-Strokes and a lot of other terms, all of which he used in his own sense.

Every now and then he would stop and look at me as if waiting for me to tell him to stop, but I was enjoying his expansions on my own views, and as I knew he loved to talk, I let him go on each time, until, after describing the

intricate processes of Change of touch, Reversion of stand-point, the danger of sacrificing Suggestion in using Reserve, he stopped with the sentence, "I once read a story that lost its whole artistic effect by the omission of the single word 'and.'" Then he paused, and looking pityingly in my face he asked abruptly, "Why don't you tell me to stop?"

After I had made some embarrassed answer about enjoying it very much, and there being plenty of time, he said in a meek and discouraged tone, "Not many weeks ago I spent an hour trying to make you see the folly of cramming a young man's head full of lists and rules, and that deductive nonsense which is interesting enough sometimes, but diametrically the opposite of the right process, and now you have taken with open mouth—asking for more—all these long, intricate observations which anyone can seek out by analysis—a cold-blooded process of dissection which requires only patience. It is the reverse of the process by which you can grasp any essential and fundamental knowledge of the nature of the art of story-writing. Throw away all your notes, beginning with Touch, after what I said on interpretation, and, leaving for another time the consideration of 'why young writers fall in the error that they do,' and 'how to become an adept' and all that, let us look at the bottom of it all, for it is this that you have missed entirely.

"Every situation, or combination of circumstance, or attitude in human nature—or the material—has a personality, a spirit, a something very analogous, though with no moral quality, to Plato's Ideas—you remember them? Now, there exists such a phenomenon right here, now, with you and me; of course such an one as this is not *colored* enough, I may say, to make it conspicuous, but there is one. Now, this is something that itself cannot be caught by words—I used to think it was possible—but this is what can be done: And now, I am giving my theory of art—such words, and in such combinations, can be written the whole that will *suggest* to the human consciousness that reads the words, the Idea which

the writer held before his mind. This is an off-hand definition—my aim was simplicity—I'll try to write it out for you sometime. The art of writing is simply the study of this personality so thoroughly that it will express itself in words—all the form, including all those many things you and I cited above, is determined by the subject-personality. Success depends upon ability to catch the conception of the personality, which depends to some extent upon practice in science of expression to be sure, but *this* in turn has its fundamental genesis and developing and shaping upon the subject-personality. So that in its last analysis the art, both in its objective and subjective aspect, is a study of the spirit-personality—or idea—of nature.

"It is a very interesting study, psychologically," the Doctor went on in an easier strain. "These personalities are limited, though innumerable. Every situation or combination has its idea—let's call it spirit; every combination has its spirit. But it so happens that sometimes different combinations have, by reason of some metaphysical schedule, the same spirit. Now, you have had those strange flashes of memory that cause you to think that you have been in identically the same situation before, detail for detail, have you not—when you would be willing to affirm that you saw all this before and under exactly the same circumstances—all the background and incidental arrangement of the situation startling you with its familiarity? Yes; well, my theory is, that this is simply the recognition by the human conscience of an old spirit or personality that belongs also to another scene. I said the number was limited—and it's only the personality that is identical. The scene and the combination of detail itself have nothing in common to the former scene, as such, toward which you vainly strain your recalling powers to re-present. Yes, I've heard this freak of the memory functions urged as an argument for a previous existence. I can't see anything in it. Not but that I have my theory on that subject, too, which I'll endeavor,

at another time, to make you understand. Dr. Holmes, I believe, has a 'first and second brain lobe' theory. But that I would like to inform him conditions—but I'll be talking shop again.

"It more often happens that the personality will *resemble* some former personality; that accounts for your suddenly and unaccountably being reminded of all the details of some other occasion and scene by something totally different that will happen in your consciousness. Don't think that these similar personalities have similar scenes. One day last week I was looking at a rubber ball, and thought of an alley-way in Rome. The existence of these personalities do not vary with, nor are they proportionate to or in accordance with our world of sight and sound, though taking their genesis here, but are determined and conditioned by metaphysical minutiae too numerous and too intricate for the mind of man to comprehend."

Then the doctor turned again to this peculiar subject in its relation to literature, or, as he said, to the "interpretation of it by means of the signs of speech." He said that all the arts were one in subject, and the different divisions into music, literature and painting and its kindred branches were only the various interpretations of same things for the various senses. Then he showed how there is a personality or spirit in every situation of grief, love, jealousy; and finally he showed how there was beauty in a bloody battle-field.

Then he discussed the interpretation of these in words. "The use of such words and in such order as to suggest to the consciousness of the reader the spirit which the writer wishes to interpret," was more a question of the spirit than of the words, because the latter originally took their birth from the former. He warned me not to fall into the popular error of confounding his meaning with what was conventional meaning of spirit when used in this way. The spirit of a battle-field is so mighty, that perhaps a distinction in different ones cannot be made in writing; but there exists one, else there would be none to individual scenes and char-

acters. In like manner with sentiment and emotion situations an individualizing of spirit-personalities is not always tangible from the artistic standpoint.

"In what is generally called descriptions, the *general* spirit is desirable. In such ordinary elements as are to be found in a crowded street, an early morning on dewy fields, numerous varieties of sunsets, four P. M. in a lonely sunlit room, and so forth *ad lib.* This effect (and I want you to understand that it will some day be considered the only true aim for art in description) is not so often gained by deliberate passages of description such as are used at the beginning of chapters in novels, where the real personality is crowded out or usurped by exaggerated metaphors of silver, gold, various liquids—all that rot; I say the effect is more often obtained in incidental passages, where description is merely dashed in to give the actors a time and place, so to speak.

"I think there will some day arise a school of descriptive poets who, throwing aside all these relics of barbarism—this metaphoric bewilderment and this perfumed music, will seek a deeper metaphysical ground to work upon than elastic imagery, and bring nobler and more soul-born instruments than sugar-coated rhymes and yard-stick measures.

"I want a sunset sky, and what do I get?—why, I'm told what it is like—I don't care to know that it's like some maiden's organs of sight. If I ask for a maiden's eyes, I would be referred back to sky, probably. I admit that it is all in very beautiful music, often so beautiful in form that I, poor ordinary mind, am allured by its siren voice into forgetting what I set sail for, and this is what tickles most ears and causes them to sit satisfied and forgetful, as my setter there when I scratch his back this evening instead of giving him his supper.

"But, soon a generation will arise who will not be deluded with an answer for the senses, who will demand a music for the soul so deep that the senses are forgot, who will demand the soul of the element in nature itself.

"Once in a while I think Wordsworth had it in his heart to write that way, but unfortunately he could read and was turned off into conventional channels. Occasionally poor, dear old Walt Whitman approached it, notably in one line of what he wrote just before he died; but it was mere accident in *his* case. He was deep, but too superficial in this respect—and please don't construe my words as approving of the good, gray poet's methods, or his theory, or lack of theory. Occasionally we see it unconsciously creeping into a few of our English poets, in spite of conventionality. For instance, one or two of Byron's nature descriptions, and in several passages of Coleridge. But these are principally accidents, and not from a recognized theory of art. In Browning's—but I won't name any more.* The nearest approach to what I am trying to indicate can be found by a perusal of certain poems of none other than that queer bit of hoosier heart, James Whitcomb Riley. Now, of course you have in mind his hoosier dialect verse, and are amazed that I can apply to that Western poet the appellation of the pioneer of a new school of poetry. But, though his dialect verse often possesses in a marked degree this very quality of spirit, it is not by these that 'he will be remembered and read long years after your at present more famous poets are forgot,' as some one, the other day, remarked of him. It is his simple little bits of homely lyric verse that so few Americans appreciate, and which are so eagerly sought after in England, (where they do not know, as our American critics so well understand, that he is no full-fledged *comme il faut littérateur*)—it is for these that a future generation will render him his due adulation. And it is all because he seeks the soul in what he interprets—whether it be men or fields. I am very glad that he is dropping his dialect verse, not that this is a hindrance to catching the spirit of a situation of a nature in which it should be used, but because dialect is

* A characteristic impulse of the doctor's; frequently, when naming some one, or the works of some one, as illustrating his point, I have heard him snap his fingers and stop. Why he has this aversion to mentioning authors' names I do not know.—ED.

always ephemeral and will handicap itself in after years. In such simple bits as 'When She Comes Home Again,' and 'The Last Kiss,' and in some of his children's verses, he suggests pure spirit-personality of each of the human nature situations, whether it be Remorse, Fear or Love, he has the very essence of the emotion as adapted to the circumstances.

"But as I was saying, it is in description that this personality idea is most applicable. Perhaps you have read many descriptions in verse of that strange scene, a sudden summer storm. Longfellow, I believe, has one which is generally credited with being good. He probably says the rain-drops are like rattling of drums or something of that kind. But when one tells me that such mighty elements as those in a sudden shower, which has, you must admit, a huge personality, which is like nothing but itself—is like some poor, feeble human mechanical action—I feel as I would if I should hear a eulogist, who was trying to show how great Washington was, say he was 'e'en as mighty as are you.'

"Here's Mr. Riley's simple lines called 'A Sudden Shower.'"

I cannot describe how the doctor recited these lines. He had a unique method—not that in which we were instructed to recite poetry. Some lines he even seemed to repeat "sing-songy," and others he ran off hurriedly and mumblingly. He seemed to have in mind some spirit he was trying to imitate. He did not try to make his voice and words sound like thunder and rain, as some elocutionists do (and indeed the words were not written to be anamatopoetic), but as if the words had a soul of their own. It impressed me.

But I ventured to turn his talk into channels of prose, as that was what I was after. The doctor turned and looked at me with an almost pained expression, which quite confused me. For a moment I wondered what I had done. Then I found out.

"My dear young man," he thundered out, "is it possible that you have spoken this way in unfeigned sincerity? I had hoped that we had gotten to a deeper subject than

that of sound-form and word arrangement. I have been speaking to you of Art. Don't you know what that means? There are no lines of demarcation, no divisions, no analyses, no sub-heads here. Art is boundless and undefined, and all we know of it is its existence, it is Being, Essence—Beauty, Truth."

He paused, and turning towards me with a passive countenance, in as an unconcerned a tone as he would prescribe a medicine for one of his patients, he said :

"The distinction between prose and poetry is a difference of subject-thought, not of form."

Jesse Lynch Williams.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A TELEGRAM.—Janssen was a civil engineer in the employ of the Erie Railroad. His associates said he was a good enough sort of a chap, but queer. He was not very quick to make friends among them. His most marked characteristic was his nervousness. However, he was a very capable fellow, and the company paid him a pretty good salary.

One morning he left his little house in Bloomfield in a peculiarly nervous and wrought-up state of mind. His wife was not very well; "in fact," Janssen told himself, "she was very sick." So he made her promise to send for him at once if there was any cause. He was to start out that morning for a point on the road about two hundred and fifty miles from Jersey City, where had been assigned some engineering work to do which would probably take him several days. When he reached Jersey City he found that he had left his pass at home. This added just what was wanted to complete the acme of his nervous exasperation. He was one of those men who get perfectly furious at little things, and there had been an accumulation of little things to worry him that morning.

In the end he managed to borrow a pass from one of his friends, who succeeded in assuring him that he could use it without any difficulty. He boarded his train and sat down. Now, the Jersey City depot of the Erie railroad is neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever. It is a regular hot-box; besides, Janssen was in the habit of anathematizing the company in no uncertain terms on account of this depot, and he began to do it again as soon as he had taken his seat. He tried to raise the window, but it was stuck fast. He moved his seat, and tried again, but it was no use. By this time he was in such a state that probably no power on earth could have induced him to try again. He took a vicious pleasure in the feeling of martyred resignation to

everything that he allowed, or forced, to come over him. Probably this received some slight addition from the fact that an extraordinarily fat woman came in just at this juncture and sat herself aggressively down beside him. After suffering for some time in silence, he got up and went forward to the smoker. He found it full. He stopped on his way back to get a glass of water. The tank was empty.

He took his seat again beside the fat woman in a sufficiently furious state of mind, and tried to read, but he was so angry and excited that he could not get through a page. So he just sat, and fumed and worried by turns. As the hours went by, the worrying increased in proportion, very fast, until he had succeeded in assuring himself beyond a doubt that his wife *must* be worse. She was, doubtless, dying, or even dead by this time.

It was getting late. The conductor came through and took all tickets. Janssen showed him his pass for the second or third time. He fancied that the conductor looked at him with increasing suspicion. Janssen thought perhaps he knew the man whose name was on the pass.

However, he did not spend much time in worrying over that, but began again directly to weigh the chances of his wife's speedy death. He had managed to work himself up to a state that was bordering on frenzy, when the conductor came through again. This time he held a telegram in his hand. "Is Albert B. Janssen on this train?" he called. Poor Janssen felt his heart go down into his boots. For a moment he was too dazed to speak. Then, just as he was about to jump up, it occurred to him that his name was not on the pass he was using, and that in all probability he would get into trouble if he claimed the telegram. Of course, it would have been easy enough to explain matters, but, in the nervous state he then was in, that never occurred to him. Besides, what would be the use of opening the telegram? He knew what was in it well enough. So he sat still.

He consulted the time-table, and saw that at the next stop he could get out and catch an east-bound train with but fifteen minutes' delay. He carried out this idea, and boarded the other train in a terrible state of mind. He took a berth, but could not sleep a wink. He was on pins and needles. How slowly the train moved! His wife was in all probability dying, and he would be too late. Yet, even in his consuming anxiety, he stopped now and then to chuckle for a second or two at his own cleverness in not claiming the dispatch, and so avoiding being delayed until he could be identified.

When the train pulled into the dingy depot at Jersey City he was all ready, bag in hand. He fairly ran over to the Bloomfield train, although it was not scheduled to start for twenty-two minutes. It seemed to him that it would never start. Then, as he got nearer home, his anxiety increased. He looked at his watch as he left the train at Bloomfield. Heavens! it was eight o'clock already. He tore up the road to his house. Everything was closed up—not even a shutter thrown open. He opened the door in nervous haste, and rushed up stairs three steps at a time, only to find his wife perfectly well.

He had made a mistake, for it was only seven o'clock after all, so that it was no wonder the house was still closed up. The telegram had been from the Company's Jersey City office, and had merely said, "Washout at —. Let other matter go. Keep right on and take charge of work there."

James Westervelt.

LEAVES FROM TWO JOURNALS.

I. MARY GRAHAM'S.

June 12th, 1891.—I had a delightful day in the Vatican gallery. Marcia Stevenson was with me, and we wandered in and out among the great halls nearly all the afternoon.

Really, Rome is delightful. And I believe that I'm getting to have some little taste for art, for I enjoy it so much better than I did at first. The Vatican is superb. But it's none too grand for the treasures which it holds, and yet how few of those great paintings really affect me. There is that old copy of "A Storm," by Titian. I can feel that. And Da Vinci, I can enjoy his frescos. But I am not often deeply moved by any picture.

I was wandering around in the gallery to-day when I saw the most beautiful face. It was too beautiful for canvas. So strong and handsome, and yet so graceful and pleasing. It was one of those which you can't describe, but can only feel. It was in a group of Alpine tourists, looking at the sunrise. Behind them rose the mountains in all their silent grandeur. A water-fall, on the right, you could almost hear, so true was it. And the east was one great glow, such as only we who have scaled Mont Blanc can understand. And stronger and nobler than all, was that figure in the middle of the group of tourists. I wish I knew who he was, whether he ever lived or not, and, if he is living now, who he is. He looked so handsome, standing on the cliff with his scarf blown backward by the wind, and his hand pointing toward the east.

June 21st.—Marcia and I have been to the gallery quite often lately, and then I've been there several times when Marcia was not with me, and I always spend a part of the time looking at the "Alpine Tourists." That face affects me wonderfully. It is more beautiful than ever. I really can't understand why it moves me so strongly. Who would have thought that I, who am so inartistic, should be drawn thus toward a face which I had never seen except on canvas. Marcia says I am in love, but as she never experienced that condition I don't see how she would know. I laughed when she suggested such a theory, and yet it is rather a pleasant fancy—something romantic about it, too. At least, I like to linger over the possibility of such a thing. I wonder if I really am. They say one never knows when she is in love.

July 10th.—I have been to the Vatican again to-day, and I have come to the conclusion that I am really in love with that face. I have been growing toward it little by little, and now it has become such an intense feeling that I really believe that I am in love. And I half believe that Marcia is too, and with that same face. Who would ever have thought that anything so romantic would happen in my little prosaic life!

To-day, when no one was watching, I slyly looked down in the corner to find the painter's name. It was there—Adolf Shumann. I looked him up in the list of Roman artists. His studio is upon the Palatine—and to-morrow I am going up there and find out who the model was. I am sure he will turn out to be some great, good man. Then I am going to meet him in some way—and then—and then—well, I hope something good may happen.

[Journal of Adolf Shumann, artist, Rome, 1891, July 11.] I had a very strange experience to-day with a young lady. I am sure I did nothing in the least discourteous, and yet she seemed to be very much angered at something. I was sitting in the studio finishing up "Moonlight on the Plaza," when I heard a gentle knock at the door, a young lady entered, an American I should say. She was very beautiful, her eyes were filled with a longing and her face was tenderly pathetic. I should like to have her for my "Angel of Beauty."

She said she wished to have a portrait painted, and of course I was only too glad to paint her. Then she talked familiarly about Rome and art, and looked about the studio, showing, however, no very artistic eye.

Then the strange thing of the afternoon happened. She asked me suddenly: "By the way, were you the painter of 'Alpine Tourists' in the Vatican?" I told her that it was my work. "Well," said she, "there is a face in that picture which I have seen somewhere before, but I cannot think who or where it was. I should like to know who the

model was of that central figure standing on the cliff with his scarf blown backward and his hand pointing toward the east." "Certainly," said I. "That face was copied from the 'Portrait of Raphael' by himself. You will find it up stairs among the portraits of the great masters." Then, without a word, she turned haughtily, and without a word went out and slammed the door. I didn't know what I did to anger her, and I'm afraid now that she won't come to sit for her portrait.

W. A. Dunn.

IT HAPPENED ONE NOON.

It happened one noon when I wanted to look
 At an ancient and quaint metred rhyme,
 I took down a little white vellum-bound book
 That I'd had on my shelves for some time—
 How long it had stood on those shelves I don't know
 'Mid those volumes by poets long dead—
 It looked like a lily thrust in a row
 Of poppies—my bindings are red.

I blew off the dust from the thick, rough-edged leaves
 And fingeringly turned to the place;
 'Twas an odd little ballade—how love always weaves
 Heart-strings in webs round a face
 That is distant and dear. And lo! at the page
 Which my finger and thumb then caressed,
 Crushed to death 'twixt the heavy white walls of its cage,
 Lay a tiny sweet violet pressed!

Its life blood had left but a deep yellow stain
 On that wide-bordered page once so fair,
 And, as I brought it to daylight again,
 A delicate scent filled the air;
 And I thought to myself: How life's like this book,
 And love like that flower bereft!
 Life, heartless, crushes fond dreams while we look—
 Their stain and their sweetness are left!

V. Lansing Collins.

A BLOCK OF MARBLE.—“Mind, now, Henry, and don’t lift any more of those big blocks with that cable. You can just as well split them in two down there in the quarry as above ground, and lift them out in smaller pieces, without danger.” It was the proprietor of the marble works who spoke to the superintendent of the quarry. The proprietor had anxiously watched the huge, fifteen-ton block as the great derrick slowly swung it around from the deep quarry and at length safely deposited it upon the ground. Then, having delivered this parting injunction, he walked away.

The superintendent followed him with a scowling glance. “What does he know about it, I’d like to know?” he muttered between his teeth. “Never saw a marble quarry till he discovered this one on his place, by accident. And now he comes over here, once or twice a week, and thinks he is running the whole business. And here I, who have spent my life in a quarry, am always hampered by his cranky notions. Well, I’m thankful I shan’t see his old silk hat and broadcloth for a day or two.”

Henry Brandon was a good quarryman. As he said, he had passed his life in the business; yet, was often careless. But his great trouble was his temper. Naturally of a sullen disposition, he could stand no interference with what he believed to be his peculiar province. If a superior suggested anything, the contrary spirit of his nature was sure to prompt the opposite. Any one observing him carefully would have noticed that his sullenness had grown upon him in the last half year. Six months before he had lost his wife, and in the bitterness of his grief the worst part of his character was becoming more apparent.

He stood on the edge of the deep excavation meditating his supposed wrongs; the continual interference of the proprietor was bad enough, but this was not all. While he had not been the discoverer of this deposit of marble, yet it was largely through his representations that Mr. Evans, the proprietor, had been led to open the quarry. The enter-

prise was proving a big success. He felt that he was not receiving his just share of the profits. So as he stood there feelings of an angry, rebellious character crowded themselves into his mind.

His reverie was broken by the approach of one of the workmen. "Shall we go and split them blocks?" he asked, pointing to half a dozen huge, square pieces of marble still down in the quarry.

As Brandon looked where the man pointed and saw the great white blocks gleaming in the warm summer sun, he thought how hot it would be splitting them, down there in the quarry, where not a breath of air was stirring. And then, too, how much longer it would take to hoist them out in small pieces, for he was in a hurry to clear up that floor. Yet, in spite of his ugly mood, as he saw their size, some larger than the block just hoisted, and as he looked at the rather rusty cable, at the moment he was about to say "yes" to the man's question.

Seeing that he hesitated, the workman, who had heard the proprietor's parting words, added, "Mr. Evans said, sir, them blocks was too heavy." It was an unfortunate remark. Brandon's contrariness thus provoked, got the better of his prudence, which was just about to assert itself. "No," he said crossly, "I am managing the working of this quarry. Swing the derrick around and hook on to that farthest block." The men thus enjoined obeyed. The great boom was swung over the quarry, the grapple was lowered and securely fastened to the largest block on the floor.

Brandon waited till all was ready, and then waved his hand to the engineer, standing in the window of the engine-house. There was a sound of escaping steam, a rumbling as the iron coils slowly began to wind the heavy cable. The tall derrick creaked a little, and bent slightly towards the quarry, pulling taut the guy-ropes on the opposite side. Then slowly the huge block began to rise. Gradually it was hoisted above the floor of the quarry. The workmen who had fixed tackle, stood back and watched it as it

ascended. A man on the ground above, stood ready to swing it around with a rope fastened to the end of the boom. As the great block reached a height of about twenty feet above the ground, Brandon again waved his hand to the engineer, the rambling stopped, though the sound of escaping steam still continued, and the great block hung almost motionless in mid-air. "I knew it would hold it," he said triumphantly; "what does he know about it anyhow?"

Suddenly he stood transfixed to the spot. What was it he saw now? Directly under the great block was a child seven or eight years old—his little daughter. Seemingly unconscious of any danger, she was crawling around among the smaller pieces of marble with which the ground around was littered, following the shadow of the block as the man with the rope slowly swung around the boom.

What if the cable should break now! He glanced upwards. The iron rope seemed but a thread; the piece of stone seemed as large as a thunder cloud. Now he remembered only the day before to have noticed a weak spot in the cable, and what if this should give way and crush her, his only child, his all! For an instant words were beyond him, then, collecting himself, he called at the top of his lungs, "Elsie, Elsie, come here!" As well call to the winds. Drowned by the noise of escaping steam, his voice could hardly have been heard a dozen feet away. All unconscious, she even waved to him, and pointed upwards at the great rock. Then with a mad rush he jumped forward to drag the child out of danger. But to climb over the smaller blocks and thread his way through their midst seemed to him to take an age. Then the man at the rope seemed dazed, as he himself had been a moment before, and stopped his pulling, so that the impending block remained stationary over the child's head. What thoughts of remorse, of terror, of love, crowded through the father's brain even in that brief fraction of a minute which it took him to reach her! Finally she was clasped in his strong embrace. He

gave one terrified glance upwards. It seemed as though the block were already descending, about to crush them there together. He could almost hear the boom splitting, the cable snapping. With the child in his arms it took him some seconds to get free from the shadow of that terrible piece of stone. At length, out of danger, he sank exhausted on the ground, a cold sweat was running off him, his whole body was in a tremble, his head grew dizzy, he could neither speak nor think. So he sat in kind of a stupor until the child's voice said, "Papa, isn't that a big stone?" He looked upwards where the child pointed and murmured, "What if it had fallen then!" Then, recovering himself somewhat, he remembered that the cable and derrick and block itself were still in danger. "Lower her where she is," he called, waving his hand towards the engine-room. Slowly, slowly, and yes, finally safely, mid the rumbling of machinery and the creaking of pulleys, the big stone came to the ground.

When he went forward to speak to the men a moment later his voice had its ordinary gruffness, yet in his words there was a kindlier tone than usual. "It's pretty hot down there, men, but I guess you had better go down and split the rest; they're kinder heavy for that cable."

Edward James Patterson.

THE COLLEGE BELL.—A SONG.

We'll sing you a song of the college bell
That rings from the old white tower,
And never fails abroad to tell
The unwelcome lecture hour.
He wakes us up at chapel time
And we see that it's just too late;
We love not then the old bell's chime,
As he says, in a dreamy sort of rhyme,
That it wants two minutes of eight.

But once and again his sound is sweet
In the gloom of the evening time,
As we sit below on a campus seat,
And welcome his kindly chime.
As we rest in the cool of the twilight breeze
Away all care we fling,
And smoke and chat, as we lie at ease
Stretched out on the grass beneath the trees
To hear the Seniors sing.

When we come back and hear the bell ring out
His tale from the old white tower,
As lonely and thoughtful we stroll about,
We will feel his bitter-sweet power.
For the bell aye rings of friendships made
And of friends that heard him ring,
While the first foundations of friendship were laid
In the long ago 'neath the elms' thick shade
Where yet their memories cling.

James Westervelt.

THE USE OF HALL WORK.—Our college world often forgets the real, busy, roaring world around us; for weeks our thoughts revolve and centre about this miniature world. Perhaps the distant rumbling of cars heard on a quiet night, or the sight, on a summer afternoon, of smoke curling up on the edge of the horizon, recalls to us for a while the other world, but soon college hopes, ambitions and pleasures occupy our attention. Yet our life here is but a preparation for the other. The four mile-stones on the journey of life, which mark this ideal world, will all too quickly pass. Most of us travel it with gladness, complaining only of the too rapid flight of time. That it is a world complete and separate in itself is recognized in the expressions, "College life" and "College ethics." We all feel the distinction which that modifying word "College" confers, even if we cannot define it.

In the reading-rooms of our Halls the real and the ideal meet; for there we learn the news of that world shut out

from us by a circle of green fields. We read of its hopes, its business, its politics, and too often of its shame and crimes. Knowledge of current events ought to be emphasized more than it is. We live in the present and future, not in the past. The poet Longfellow expressed a great truth when he said, "I do not see what charm there is in the pale and wrinkled countenance of the past, so to entice the soul of the young man. It seems to me like falling in love with one's grandmother. Give me the present—warm, glowing, palpitating with life. She is my mistress, and the future stands waiting like my wife that is to be."

Our Hall-work is many sided. It is a large factor in our college-life. Aside from the training in speaking and debate, it plays an important role in furnishing opportunities for the study of current events. That college men are awake to the necessity of keeping abreast of the times, is shown by the fact that at Harvard they have given the study of "Current Affairs" a regular place in the curriculum. It is with pleasure we note that in some of our hall contests an acquaintance with great questions of the day is absolutely necessary; something more than the knowledge of our base-ball prospects in *Harper's*, or the glancing over the comic cartoons in *Puck* and *Judge*.

The lessons we can learn from the great dailies are many. No one who has followed closely the trend of events from the mid-winter convention of February 22d to now, can fail to grasp the fact that the people can distinguish between the false and the true. One obtains a nobler and truer conception of the fact that "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

Charles Irvin Truby.

AT Leipsic, Germany, and Aquilia, in Italy, there is published monthly a small paper called *Alaudæ*, edited by some professors in the German universities, in classical Latin, and circulated among the *litterateurs* and dilettanti of

Europe. The object is "to touch upon current academic events as they might be viewed by Cicero or Horace were they among us." The paper contains short Latin poems, articles and reviews of college life and thought. In a recent number there appeared a notice of an article on Princeton, published in the September *University*—the longest notice with which any American college has been honored in its columns.

We quote the passage as of interest to those who can read Latin without "trots":

Novi Eboraci prodit libellarium *The University Magazine* agens de rebus universitarus Americæ. * * * Ante cetera mihi arrisit commentatio Alontii Church de Universitate Princeton civitis Novo Jersey (alas! even these classical Latin scholars have not read the alumni catalogue, and fail to realize that they should say *Neo Cæsariense*). Cui nomen est *Nassau Hall* Latine aula Nassovica, describuntur in commentationis parte II loca, que cara sint studiosis. Dantur etiam narrationes locis inhærentis *traditions* and *legends*. Habet universitas magnam ambulationem propariam consitam arboribus, quæ item et palaestra est, vocatam inter media verba sermonis Anglici semper vocabulo Latino *campus*. Qualis *campus* etiam Novo Eboracensi est. In campo Princetonensi defixus est in solum, velut palus, mouth downward, canno crassus, *the big cannon* grande tormentum bellicum. Dimidium corpus terram supereminent. Cui sua est historia. Derelictus fuit olim ab exercitu Britannico post prælium commissum apud hoc ipsum oppidum: diu hic asservatus: translatus aliquando hinc Novum Brunovicum. Ubi cum sine justo titulo retinereatur, anno 1838 studiosorum civiumque agmen eo se contulit. Noctu oppido adrepunt, se insinuant, se intridunt. Noctu seu clam seu vi, vetus tropæum, magnum pondus recuperatumque hue reducunt, ingenti hujus populi cum acclamatione. Nunc a studiosis suis honor habetur prisco cannoni tamquam seni amico vel quasi quodam protectori, et in curriculo academico Princetonensi solemnem suam partem

dudum sibi vindicat canno. Apud hunc accenduntur ignes in honorem victoriarum athleticarum. Hic habent conches studiosi. Hic prima dant orationum tirocinia *the verdant freshmen* (apud Germanos vulpes). Hic se circumagunt. *The gay young Sophomores*, et *the stately Juniors*. Hic tandem ultimum dicitur vale. Dicunt *the last sad words*, *the grave old Seniors* (capita muscosa apud Germanos) quando sunt in procinctu linquendi Aula Nassovica, *It may be for years, it may be forever*. Domus celebris in oppido est, *college inn*, hospitium vel taberna, studiosis carissima, carminibus celebrata. Apponuntur XVI versus, *inspired by the hilarious conviviality of the students in the hotel at night*. E quibus pauca haec depromo.

Around the table's verge was spread
Full many a wine-bewildered head
Of student learned from Nassau Hall,
Who, broken from scholastic thrall,
Had set him down to drink outright
Thro' all the livelong merry night
And sing as loud as he could bawl,
Such is the custom of Nassau Hall.

EDITORIALS.

THE following members of the class of '93 have been elected to conduct the LIT. for the ensuing year: Editors, W. A. Dunn, M. Harrington, L. M. Luke, H. G. Murray, N. B. Tarkington; and C. B. Newton, as Managing Editor.

LIKE our jejeune and excitable friend on the other side of the campus, the *Tiger*, we are all ready to receive any subscriptions that may be yet unpaid. They may be left at the treasurer's room, 10 N. R. H., or addressed to Mr. J. G. Wilson, Princeton, N. J., or paid to any member of the Board.

OUR PRINTERS.

OUR thanks are due to Messrs. MacCrellish & Quigley for the typographical excellence of the LIT. for the past year. Their work has been at once neat, accurate and expeditious, and it gives us pleasure to recommend them to the new board.

A RECENT editorial in the LIT. on "College Elections" has been taken by some to cast a direct slur on certain members of the Senior Class. In regard to that part of the editorial which could be so taken we were misinformed. In this connection, however, we wish to say that we do not, on this account, recede one step from the main point which we wished to make, namely, that the evils attendant on college elections should be stopped. Indeed, we have been since informed that on the campus outside the room, bulldozing was carried on, by certain underclassmen, to an extent

of which we had never dreamed. We wish to reiterate our hearty disapprobation of all unworthy electioneering methods whatsoever, and hope that in the future the LIT. will always strenuously oppose them.

IN RETROSPECT.

TIME is mandatory. "Ever On" is the imperious cry. With this issue the LIT. Board of Ninety-two rounds out its little life. It packs up, sheds tears, says good-bye and departs.

But if time is imperious it is not unjust. For with due allowance for the press of college affairs, we have had full opportunity for the conduct of the duties devolved upon us.

It is a source of pleasure to us to note the words of praise which have, perhaps in some respects too unrestrainedly, come to us from our exchanges. But how far we have succeeded in our endeavors, we must leave to others to say. Our policy has been in some ways a departure. As outlined in our prospectus, we have endeavored to distinguish on the one hand between an original literary essay and that form of college essay which only smells of the lamp. And on the other hand we have endeavored to keep off the shoals of senseless vaporings. Our aim has been especially for the LIT. to serve as a complement to college work, to give opportunity for the development of those qualities which a college curriculum does not afford. In this way we have encouraged original productions in every line, which are based upon the writer's knowledge of human nature and his personal observation and experience. We have endeavored to encourage and enhance that cosmopolitan and democratic literature whose spirit so predominates in Princeton life.

While striving for a harmonious and systematic arrangement of the magazine into departments, and the appropriate functions of each, we have changed from two to one Manag-

ing Editor. In doing this, we are really advancing from a reminiscence of the time when the LIT. was conjointly a publication of the two Halls, which made two representatives in the managerial chair necessary. But the advantages which will be given to the LIT. now, as a College publication, in affording the least possible friction and the greatest ease in its publication, are apparent. It is, too, more in accord with its systematic arrangement. As it is differentiated into organs, each with its appropriate function embodied in one head, subject to the approval of the Managing Editor, so, when the organs are integrated into the organism, the departments into one magazine, consistency would seem to require a unitary management.

We extend thanks to our friends who have assisted us in any way. We acknowledge our indebtedness for the generous support given us by the College, and congratulate our contributors on their work. And here, with full confidence in men who have come in touch with the Princeton life, who have imbibed its thought and spirit, and their capabilities for the future, we lay down our pen and bequeath the LIT. and its appurtenances to the Ninety-Three Board.

COLLEGE EXCHANGES.

EQUALITY of merit is certainly not the basis of exchange among college papers. We would hardly equate the Eastern magazine with those choice tid-bits of not a few publications. Still, perhaps, a belief that all are essentially equal in merit might, in some cases, tend to diminish that high sense of inflated dignity some might seem to possess, as well as to lift not a few minor ones out of that puerile humility which prompts them to talk so constantly of themselves, their acquaintances and their college.

But as there are grades and grades of colleges so are there grades of college publications. College papers do not presume an equality of merit as their basis, but only equality in

being college papers. Much as International Law presupposes the equality of states and thence is produced an international comity, so too there is an intercollegiate comity.

The very first principle of the extension of this courtesy to any paper in admitting it to an exchange would require on its part, we would suggest, an acknowledgment by the establishment of an exchange department. For in this way even the very object of exchange could be better promoted and conserved; in this way can intercollegiate sympathy and friendship be better established.

Nor is there any reason why a magazine, no matter how great its importance, should sit forever on a perch and see the others go by. The larger magazine can feel no loss of an exalted majesty by recognition of a less important exchange, any more than the younger exchange can feel that its criticisms on a more pretentious paper are not fully appreciated. No paper is too great to refuse to aid and notice a smaller exchange, as no paper is too great not to wish to be recognized by its exchanges. Every college editor knows that one of his greatest pleasures is the perusal of the exchanges.

College Exchanges have a most important function in bringing their college into notice, in making one college know another, and in establishing a friendly relationship which must in turn have its influence in increasing literary endeavor and enhancing the college standard.

GOSSIP.

In after days, when grasses high
 O'ertop the stone where I shall lie,
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claim to honored dust
 I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky,
 I shall not hear the night wind sigh;
 I shall be mute, as all men must,
 In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I
 That some one then should testify,
 Saying—he held his pen in trust
 To art, not serving shame or lust
 Will none? Then let my memory die
 In after days!

—Austin Dobson.

I HAD just written the above lines as an introduction to my final gossip when there was a pounding knock at the door. It may perhaps seem strange, but it is true nevertheless, that one can tell by the knock who is at the door, just as well as by the laugh or the cough or the voice. One man comes along with light tread and gently taps twice. Another steps up briskly and raps a neat *rat-tat-tat*. Some one else rolls along, and merely gives the door a kick. But there's only one man I know who pounds the door with his fist, in just the way I heard it as I signed Austin Dobson's name at the bottom of the above poem. The door opened, and in came my friend Sportner.

"Busy?" he asked nonchalantly, falling into the arm-chair near the fire without waiting for my answer.

"No," I replied, "not very"—and the Recording Angel marked me up for another fib. But, then, most of us would have said the same thing. That question, "Busy?" asked in that affirmative tone, and on the threshold of your own room, has but one answer; and I believe, with due respect, that the Recording Angel himself gives that answer when callers knock at the pearly portals of *his* sanctum—and he, forsooth, I know, is the busiest of all the angels. Sportner and I have grown quite intimate. That's why I've talked so much about him lately—one likes to talk of one's friends; and so, although I anticipated an editorial hauling over the coals next day for non-completion of promised work, yet, murmuring the line quoted by our meek brother editors in the other end of Reunion, when they tried for the Litt. Essay Prize, and the judges declared that "no essay was worthy of publication,"

"Better be d—d than mentioned not at all!"

I laid down my pencil and told Sportner I was not busy.

It had turned cold again, and I had had a couple of good hickory logs blazing all day on the firedogs in the hearth, and when I went to grub at six o'clock I laid between them a lump of coal which was still now, at ten, softly hissing. The logs were pretty well burned through. All around were heaps of flaky wood-ashes, and right in the heart was a mass of that lovely whitish pink glow which makes you sit and stare and wonder.

"Don't want the gas, do we?" said Sportner in his abrupt way; and he turned it down until the flame was simply a tinge of blue at the end of the burner. The firelight was gleaming, like a tiny sunset, about the room, on the curtains, the book-shelves, the pictures, and the cluster of photographs on the wall, among all the odds and ends that a fellow buys, steals or has given him during his course. I leaned back in the rocker and my eyes roamed around. I could just make out, over the mantel-piece, the picture of the old water-tower, with our class numerals on it, and, lower down, the Freshman class group, and over a framed engraving of the "Three Fates," the drapery of an orange and black banner. The cluster of photos on the wall was almost indistinguishable. What a mixture it was, though! Some of the family, some of the fellows, one of the President, and one of dear old Jimmy, an actress or two, some cousins, four or five horse-groups, tin-types, kodaks, and a photo of a room-mate I used to have. Poor fellow! He and I used to sit around and talk just this way. We had a long talk only a few days before he passed away. I often think over those old talks. We all do so, for then we learn most about our nearest friends.

"Got any hay?" inquired my visitor, twisting his pipe-bowl around his finger. My tobacco was all out. The stone jar was empty and the tin boxes with the encircling blue revenue stamps, had long since been "devastated and depopulated," like the fields in Julius Caesar's immortal production. Sportner thrust his pipe back into his coat and then fumbled around in his pockets, pulling a base-ball glove from one and a note-book from another, finally coming across what he wanted—a cigarette-case—in the last pocket he tried; that's always the way. He opened the case and turned it over. A tiny Turkish cigarette fell out. It was not more than two inches long and almost as thin as a dance-card pencil.

"Its the only one I've got," he remarked apologetically. "A girl gave it me as a souvenir. Some one had give her a package of boudoir cigarettes; I said I'd keep this one because she and I had been such good friends, you know; and—and this evening I had a letter from her saying that she was going to be married in June, that she had enjoyed my acquaintance and correspondence, and hoped, and so forth, and all that, you know; and—well, here goes for her cigarette. No use keeping the blamed thing—"

He struck a match and lit the toy. Its interesting to watch fellows light cigarettes. Some take them and stick them in their mouths without any delaying preliminaries, and when they get about half-way through

they have their mouths full of stringy tobacco, and they mutter something about "beastly" and "dry" and "vile cigarettes." Others pinch one end of the "coffin-tack" until there's a big bunch of tobacco on the other, and then they try to light up, and of course always fail unless they burn a big hole down one side, or else there's a huge bulging, drooping knob on the end.

And then there are so many ways, too, of smoking. You can smoke hard and inhale—or pretend to—going through the motion, sticking your chin out and so on, and blowing a cloud like the breath of panting horses on a wet day. Or you can smoke the way beginners do—pull hard, with your eyes fixed on the little thin, snaky column of blue that circles up from the end of the cigarette, and then puff out a fake cloud of smoke not much larger than that of dust which a butterfly's wing would raise. Or you can loll back and blow rings, and fancy will paint faces for them to frame, as some one once suggested.

Sportner had got a light. The tiny end of his little Turkish dainty looked like a glow worm in the shadow. Have you ever been to a spread, and looked around the room where the Key Wests and the Straight-Cuts have been brought out, and, with the gas doused or dimmed, the tales go around—tales of fancy or of truth; ghostly tales and ghastly ones—all the more effective because of the weird rising and falling glow of the cigars and cigarettes, and the fragrant airy warmth of the smoke clouds that wreath themselves in the darkness and nestle close around you? Every now and again you can just distinguish a nose and the moist gleam of eyes as some one gets a good pull at his cigar, and then, as suddenly, the apparition vanishes and the glow fades.

Sportner was smoking the fairy cigarette very slowly; and he was less talkative than usual. Presently he blew a ring from the shadow into the fire-light. I wonder if he saw a face in it. Perhaps he did, but I didn't ask him. It hovered a moment in the light, and then slowly drifted into the chimney.

"That's like fame," said he. "I dreamed the other night that one of you editors was dead and there was to be a service in the chapel, and while the procession was going up the walk and John was tolling the bell, some underclassemen were playing ball down by the Gym., and the fellow who was knocking up the flies turned to the man standing by him and said, 'Say, Ted, who was this man that's died?' and the other replied, 'Why, you know that tall, thin, lanky fellow, with straight, black hair usually fouling his eye-glasses—wore red tie and buff cords and a University cap—on the Ltr. or the *Princetonian*, don't remember which exactly—you know him!' 'No, I don't,' was the response. 'Poor beggar! Well, I'm darned glad we got a half holiday, anyway,' and he sent the ball sailing over into the street. That's fame! See?"

"—*quantum est in rebus incane!*" I murmured, with a chuckle at having for once gotten off an apt quotation, and that in a foreign tongue. Sportner didn't understand—he's a special.

"Written your good-bye gossip yet?" he asked after a pause, during which his cigarette burned nearer his fingers and the logs on the hearth glowed paler and the wood ashes grew whiter and thicker.

"No, I haven't. I don't know what to say in good-bye, and besides I don't want to say good-bye to anyone until June, and then—well, then—" I didn't finish my sentence. Sportner raised his cigarette to his lips again and a delicate cloud came flying lightly over to my chair.

Good-byes are hard things to say, and some editors, on principle, don't say them. 'Tis true, a stranger steps into your shoes, takes your pen, sprawls on your loved Window Seat, or rocks in your Gossip's chair, and things apparently go on the same as ever; but isn't there some consolation in saying good-bye? Wouldn't it be far worse to leave without a farewell? I think so! I know I've enjoyed these chats, about "nothing in particular and everything in general," and now I must drop the pen.

Life's made up of greetings, chats, good-byes. Can't you remember the good-bye when you first left home for school? That was an ordeal. Can't you remember when the day came, years later, for you to bid your school farewell? You were older, and the effort was not so heart-rending, but didn't you feel the breaking of *some* ties? And haven't the other ties grown stronger and dearer since you've been in College—dearer because of closer intimacies, stronger because of the dozen new cords of affection that have twined in and out among the old until you feel you cannot, cannot break them? Can you bear to think that in June—after these few weeks of evening singing in the campus, in the long twilights, beneath the whispering trees; after — Just then my friend Sportner threw the end of the little Turkish cigarette into the fading embers. We both watched it musingly and silent. All at once it seemed to shudder, as if it realized that the last step must be taken and it was loth to take it. Then it leapt into fire—a mere flash, as of a soft-winged moth in the lamp flame—a whiff of smoke—and the cheerless gray ashes were as before. The pale, pink glow in the coal that was left still threw a tinge on the dark sides of the fireplace, but the room around us was in darkness.

My friend Sportner suddenly rose from the deep arm-chair, stretched himself and sighed. Then he groped his way to the door. His hand met mine in one steady grasp.

"Good-night."

"Good-bye, old man!" I answered.

And he went out.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

" Well, then, our course is chosen; spread the sail,—
Heave oft the lead, and mark the soundings well;
Look to the helm, good master; many a shoal
Marks the stern coast, and rocks where sits the siren,
Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin."

—*Scott.*

THE TABLE writes his valedictory to-day. Two or three months ago I said that ere long the Senior Class must, like Columbus, in his '92, set out to discover something, somewhere. We were standing by the shore then, wondering about the voyage, but now the time is short. One bright afternoon we laugh and talk together, one pleasant evening we sing the songs which they who sailed long since have sung, and then—to-morrow. There is commotion on the deck, and hurrying to and fro, and clasping of hands, and a word that tries to be glad and strong, and at length the same favorable breeze bears us all out of port, toward the haven which, though the gaze be steadfast, we may not see. We cannot see the haven, but the voyage surely will be prosperous, if we don't forget to take aboard the compass and the chart. Like Columbus, may it be our lot to discover, not some short route by which to bring Eastern pearls and spices and costly merchandise, but rather some broad, new continent, in whose domains the outcast and the weary made find home and hope.

Before to-morrow come the afternoon and evening. We take the bat and ball and go out to join in a final "scrub" game; we wander awhile along well-trodden paths, or lie beneath the campus trees, and laugh over many a pleasant experience, and in the twilight we will surely join with all our hearts the Seniors singing on the steps of Old Nassau.

I suspect that now and then some of us, as we sail hither and thither, may put into the old port for new supplies; or it may be, having learned much on our voyages, we shall think it needful to come back to teach to our sons and grandsons the science of navigation, and to warn them against a summer sea, which ever and anon is treacherous and wild. I have an idea that the boys won't listen much. "Who is that old duffer?" I hear one say, and the other, forgetting to reply, both pass on. I can think of one who will come back often. A year or two make but little change in his appearance. He goes to the 'Varsity ground and watches the foot-ball team, and tells with pride of the days of Ames and Cowan, of Homans and of Riggs. A few years later he brings his eldest son to college, giving him many instructions as to the more advantageous Hall, and telling him a great many things about college life, which were obsolete years and years ago. He gives some money to his *Alma Mater*. He

is a director. He is white-headed now, but loves to come and point out to any one who will listen, the room where he used to live, in one of those old-fashioned buildings, which were new when he was young. He is very old, but still he tells his children's children of the old days when he was a college boy, and one day *The Princetonian* records the fact that he who was the oldest of Princeton's living graduates, and a member of the famous Class of '92, has passed away.

I suspect that now and then, for one, a sail on the horizon shall grow larger, and a craft come nearer, upon whose ensign shall be written "92." It will be a glad day for the captains.

And now *The Table* must write a finis to his work, and, competent critics tell me, to his literary career. They argue that a writer who, after a year's endeavor, can gather a circle of but one regular reader, will not make a great sensation in the future. *The Table's* work has been among the exchanges and the books. It has been a pleasant work, and, however much the critics may rejoice, he is sorry to leave it. The Litt. has struggled on through the year, beset by many disadvantages. We have received from other college periodicals praise and censure. Both have been deserved.

It becomes *The Table's* duty, upon this occasion, to say a word with regard to other periodicals, and first we come to the *Daily Princetonian*. There has been, for a long time, a feeling that Princeton should support a daily paper, and the enterprise of the new board in undertaking to meet this desire is most heartily commended. The paper's appearance is unaltered, save in the head-line we miss the neat lettering of the past years. The new form does not seem in keeping with the rest of the paper. As to the work of the *Princetonian* during the past year, we have little derogatory to say. We feel that a wise move has been made in the matter of abandoning literary criticism. We have always maintained that this was not the function of the college newspaper. The *Princetonian* is an important factor in college life, and it has, during the past year, reflected, for the most part, faithfully, college sentiment. Appreciating the past work of our cotemporary, we can only wish the editors in their new venture most gratifying success.

The Tiger is still a cub. We hope great things from him as he grows older. At the present date he is exceedingly variable in his temperament, but there is no doubt of the fact that he is growing from day to day in strength and in vitality. We have words of congratulation for the improvement, especially in the way of drawings.

The Philadelphian Bulletin is young and vigorous, representing the religious life of the college. The paper is small, but its articles have been well written and upon important subjects, while its columns have kept the college well informed as to the progress made in Christian work. The periodical has been wisely started in modest form, and we trust that it may grow in size and in usefulness.

As to our college and preparatory school exchanges, we feel that it is impossible to enter into an extended review of their individual characteristics. We are sure that nearly all of them are doing good work for the institution which they represent, and wish them one and all success.

We proceed, as usual, to give a brief outline of the contents of the metropolitan magazines.

The first thing which we notice in *The Century* is Mr. E. C. Stedman's paper upon "What is Poetry?" The paper is interesting, though there will be differences of opinion as to the authenticity of some of his statements. A well illustrated article by Isaac B. Potter is in the interest of a much-needed improvement in our country roads. Other illustrated articles are "The Mother and Birthplace of Washington," "The Total Solar Eclipse of 1889," "Did the Greeks Paint their Sculptures?" and "Starving at Tascoma."

Among the interesting articles in that most literary of magazines, *The Atlantic*, for March, are "An American at Home in Europe," by William Henry Bishop, "The Private Life," by Henry James, and the concluding chapters of "Don Orsino," by F. Marion Crawford. "Federal Taxation of Lotteries" and "Legal Disfranchisements" are timely articles on subjects of popular interest, while "Literature and the Ministry" is an able thesis, full of that literary spirit and enthusiasm which is too rarely seen in some of our magazines, but which all the more accentuates the worth of *The Atlantic*.

Troyon's "The Watering Place" is the frontispiece to *The Magazine of Art* for April. "The Old Masters at the Royal Academy," "Art Treasures of the Comédie Française" and "The Dixon Bequest at Benthal Green" are handsomely illustrated. Under "Artistic Homes," Lewis F. Day discusses "The Choice of Wall-papers."

The leading paper in *Scribner's* is "The Social Awakening in London," and should be of great interest to sociologists. Other articles are: "The New Parks of the City of New York;" "Golden Mashonaland," and "Charles Keene of Punch," illustrated by blocks made from the originals in possession of the executors of Charles Keene.

"For Men Must Work," is the title of the complete novel in *Lippincott's*. The author is Rosa Nouchette Carey. Other articles are: "Four-in-Hand Driving" and "Nihilism and Famine."

The Cosmopolitan, for April, is an unusually interesting number, being especially rich in illustrations. "Genoa—The Home of Columbus," "Homes of the Renaissance," "A Romance of Old Shoes," and "The Crew of a Trans-Atlantic Liner," all bear witness to the attractiveness and enterprise of *The Cosmopolitan*.

MENOTIES.

Who is this fellow floundering in the wave,
Flung from the Trojan galley thundering by?
Lightly, my friend; he may be you, or I!

This passage from the master to the slave
 Is but a flash: the pinnacle we crave
 Totters and falls; and life is but to fly
 The dark immediate anguish surging nigh—
 To foil the shrewd enclosure of the grave.

So, when I read of old Menoetes thrown
 By raging Gyas to the furrowed brine,
 I cannot wholly laugh: there is a tone
 Of merry sadness in the poet's line
 That tells me summer suns will never shine
 When skies with tyrannous clouds are overblown.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

MUSIC.

The air breaks into flutters low and sweet,
 Smooth as the liquid passage of the bird;
 And as the ocean-murmur, faintly heard
 Before the storm, its rippling echoes beat
 The ear. But then with swifter, bolder feet
 The message comes: the music stirs the heart
 To wild pulsations, until every part
 Is glowing, fervid with a throbbing heart.

Slowly the memories of the past then rise
 In pallid glory; richer streams of sound,
 Wild with mysterious truth, all cloudlike,
 About the heart and flood with tears the eyes;
 But then a silence, stern, abrupt, profound:
 A vaster echo trembles in the soul!

—*Harvard Monthly.*

SLEEP, SWEET!

Sleep, sweet,
 Sleep! the night is here.
 Sleep! the low, clear chime
 Peals the flight of time.
 Sleep! the rain falls drear.
 Sleep, sweet!

Sleep, sweet,
 Sleep! the windows shake.
 Sleep, as through the trees
 Softly sighs the breeze!
 Sleep, as summer lake!
 Sleep, sweet!

Sleep, sweet,
 Sleep! the time fast flies.
 Sleep, while dreams greet thee,
 Sweet, of love to meet thee.
 Sleep! now close thine eyes.
 Sleep, sweet!

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

TOUSER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Bow wow! bow wow! I fill the air
With canine melody,
And pray the evening breeze to bear
My gallant bark to thee.

—*Brownian*.

SAP.

Poets, like the maple trees,
When the spring first moves,
Have on tap, a kink of sap
Boiling down improves.

—*Oberlin Review*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. BY EDWARD WATERMAN EVANS, JR.
\$1.25. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

In this little volume, which, as the author informs us, has been the work of idle hours during undergraduate life, we find no unfinished production, but an intelligent study of Landor's place in literature. Landor is not an author whose name awakens popular interest; he is an author for the few. The few who do admire him are enthusiastic. The work before us is calculated to interest all such enthusiasts. Mr. Evans has considerable knowledge of philosophy and literature, and has brought his knowledge to bear upon the subject, making what the New York *Independent* calls "an interesting and intelligent thesis."

THE BEST ELIZABETHAN PLAYS. EDITED BY WILLIAM R. THAYER.
(BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

In studying the influence of the English drama upon English life, it is needful that one should not confine himself to Shakespeare. The great dramatist has contemporaries who are giants, except in comparison with him. Mr. Thayer has done a thankworthy act in selecting representative Elizabethan plays, and in bringing them together within one pair of covers. The plays thus collected are Marlowe's "The Jew of Malta," Jonson's "The Alchemist," "Philaster," by Beaumont and Fletcher, "The Two Noble Kinsmen," by Shakespeare and Fletcher, and Webster's "The Duchess of Malfi." These have been carefully chosen as the purest and the best of the dramas of the period. The volume is handsomely printed, with an interesting introduction and frequent foot-notes. Interest in the study of Elizabethan literature should be greatly stimulated by a work so thoroughly attractive as "The Best Elizabethan Plays."

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. EDITED BY CARROLL LEWIS MAXCY. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

The editor, in his preface, says with much truth, that Shakespeare's works, like Cesar's Commentaries and Xenophon's Anabasis, have been made use of in such a way as to cause them to become to the young student a sort of bugbear; "the main object has been critical notes, notes, always notes, until, save for mechanical purposes, the text might have been omitted and not missed." Mr. Maxcy dispenses as much as possible with notes, and hopes that the student may learn to study for himself the text. At the close of the volume is a series of questions, a brief comment upon each scene, generally from a well-known critic, and a list

of familiar passages, of great value in enabling one quickly to find a quotation. The volume is of convenient size, and is tastefully made.

RASSELAS. BY SAMUEL JOHNSON. \$1.00. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

In the "Knickerbocker Nugget" series many quaint, old-fashioned books have been produced, in a form singularly appropriate for such works. The latest addition to this series is Dr. Johnson's "*Rasselas*," which our grandparents rejoiced in, and which preserves for their children's children its charm of pleasing allegory.

SCOTT'S THE LADY OF THE LAKE. EDITED BY WILLIAM J. ROLFE. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

Rolfe's edition of "*The Lady of the Lake*" is so well known as to require no description. A pure text, helpful notes, admirable illustrations, combined in a volume of most convenient size, make this edition very desirable. The binding of dark green is great improvement upon the red formerly used.

CHARLES SUMNER, THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS. BY ARCHIBALD GRIMKE. \$1.50. (NEW YORK, LONDON AND TORONTO: FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., 1892.)

This, the eighth volume of the "*American Reformers*" series, is, without doubt, one of the most interesting and instructive of the series published thus far. No life could be much more inspiring than that of Charles Sumner. His very name stands for unbending truth, firmness and honesty of purpose, and unswerving devotion to the noblest of causes—that of Abolition. Among American reformers must be numbered many of the noblest names of the century, and in the very foremost rank of these ought Charles Sumner to be placed.

Mr. Grimke has treated Sumner with as much skill as he did that other great abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison, and to his work he has brought the same intimate knowledge of the history of the times. He shows plainly his own sympathy with that great movement of reform—the freeing of the slaves.

There are few indeed among the young men of America who can fail to receive an increase of enthusiasm and patriotism from a perusal of the biography of one who had such noble courage and inflexible purpose—of the man who proclaimed, in a voice that can yet be heard, "Nothing, sir, can be settled which is not right."

THE BEHRING SEA CONTROVERSY. BY STEPHEN B. STAUNTON. (NEW YORK: ALBERT B. KING.)

This small book of a hundred pages gives one a clear review of all the questions which have arisen over the discussion of the rights of Great

Britain and the United States in the Behring Sea. Beginning with a history of the controversy, it gives a clear and distinct idea of what each country claims, and, also, how far those claims are justified by fact, law or precedent. It shows the fallacy of our contentions for a *mare clausum* and yet insists that to substantiate our claim we must prove that the Behring Sea is a closed sea, as we are forced to justify acts which can only be justified upon that assumption. It also gives full weight to our claim that "the law of the sea is not lawlessness," and that the exigencies of the case demanded our intervention to stop the pelagic sealing of the ruthless Canadian invaders. The book in a few words gives one exactly what one wishes to know upon a question of international importance. It is written in a concise yet lucid style, and merits the attention which it undoubtedly will secure.

THE QUESTION OF SILVER. LEWIS E. EHRICH. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The question of silver is one of the most complex, as well as the most important which demands solution to-day. It will be seen that any answer which is given with clearness, and at the same time with sufficient interest to command attention will be a boon. Such is the work before us. Mr. Ehrich shows us just why free silver would menace the prosperity of the country, and how important it is that we should take a stand for honest money. It is seldom that a book on an economic study is given in a popular form, but this has been successfully done by Mr. Ehrich, and the country owes him a debt.

EQUATORIAL AMERICA. BY MATURIN M. BALLOU. \$1.50. (HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

A wise man once said that "nothing was wholly good or wholly bad;" that, on the one hand, the limitations of human nature made it impossible to attain perfection; and, on the other, nothing was so poor that it had not its redeeming qualities. This rule may or may not hold good for everything in the world; but one thing is sure, and that is, that Mr. Ballou's book is no exception to it. It has its merits and its defects—merits very considerable, and defects very noticeable.

Really, were it not for the almost boyish style in which much of it is written, the inherent interest of the subject, the life and variety introduced by numerous incidents and stories, the close observation and judicious selection of material from such an abundant stock as "Equatorial America" furnished the author, it would be almost a model book of travels. But the style, in places, is almost painfully labored and boyish, reminding us forcibly of the "compositions" (we didn't call them "essays" then) we used to write in prep. school on such topics as "A Trip Down the Bay," "A Summer Holiday," &c., &c. The descriptions are burdened by the excessive use of epithets, which, very often,

are not chosen with the best of taste; and yet, on the whole, the book is not hard to read. As for the binding and general make-up of the volume, all we need say is, that it is from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. No higher praise could be accorded.

"HUMANITY IN ITS ORIGIN AND EARLY GROWTH." BY E.
COLBERT, M. A. (CHICAGO: OPEN COURT PUBLISHING CO.)

Science has made wonderful strides in this nineteenth century of ours, but if it can prove all that is asserted in Mr. Colbert's books, it certainly has gone too fast for us.

In our humble opinion Mr. Colbert's book does not represent true science. To be sure the words have a scientific twang, but, as for the subject-matter, it reminds us more of the fanciful dreams of some Mediæval astrologer or alchemist, than the rational conclusions of a modern specialist.

The spirit of the volume is irreverent, though perhaps such passages as the following may not sound strange to Chicago ears:

"Jesus was a historical character, though his history was confused with that of many of the gods of other lands than Judea. He came on earth at the time computed by the Bactrian magi, but the Gospel as we now have them were written many years after his death and by men who invented stories of miracles for the purpose of making it out that 'He fulfilled all the prophecies' and in order to build up the power of the church."

The book contains an element of humor, as, for instance, where the author solemnly proposes that the United States erect some durable monument to bear witness of us when, a few score centuries from now, the northern hemisphere is submerged beneath the ocean.

This he assures us was the reason the great pyramid of Egypt was built. It might be well if some one would write a communication to the *Daily Princetonian* on the subject, and get the matter settled at once.

THE OAK. BY H. MARSHALL WARD. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO.)

The latest issue of the "Modern Science Series" is this comprehensive treatise on "The Oak." "The works to be comprised in this series are intended to give on each subject the information which an intelligent layman might wish to possess," says the editor's introduction. A distinguished statesman has recently expressed the opinion that we cannot expect, in the next fifty years, any advance in science comparable to that of the last half century. We hold that in the future the progress of science will be even more rapid. In the first place, the number of students is far greater; in the second, our means of research—the microscope, telescope, spectroscope, camera, &c., are being added to and rendered more effective year by year, and, above all, the circle of science

is ever widening, so that the farther we advance the more numerous are the problems opening before us. It is a geometric progression.

The work before us, by the eminent Cambridge botanist, is on this one grand, old tree. He treats his subject in language divested, as far as possible, of technicalities, and yet with a scientific method.

The acorn and its germination; the seedling and young plant; shoot-system; structure of vascular tissues, &c—The grand old oak, famous in poetry and prose, must always be for English-speaking people a subject of interest, around which historical associations of the most varied character are grouped. However much the veneration may have decreased in this age of telegraph poles and veneering, the charm of the sturdy oak is a lasting one, a real one, and deep-seated in the Saxon nature.

What a charming title that would make for a story—"The Oak!"

BIBLE DIFFICULTIES. A SYMPOSIUM. EDITED BY FREDRICK A. ATKINS. 50C. (FLEMING H. REVELL Co.)

This is a small volume containing short chapters upon seven of the "difficulties" which present themselves to a young man in his study of the Bible. The different topics are treated by their authors, for the most part, in an interesting manner, and are calculated to be helpful in a greater or less degree. It may be that many readers will not agree to every teaching in the book, and it is also possible that here and there some of the *difficult* parts of the difficulties may not seem to be made plain, but the reader is put in a way to find out many things "hard to be understood."

The topics treated of are Inspiration, The Trinity, The Bible and Science, Miracles, The Atonement, The Resurrection and The Reliability of the Gospels.

WOMEN OF THE WORLD, WITH A SEARCH LIGHT OF EPICRITIQUE. (BALTIMORE: H. W. DICK & Co.)

We have here a list, in chronological order, of the world's famous women, from Cleopatra to Mademoiselle Titiens, with a quotation for each. The collection of names is of interest, and the quotations seem to be chosen with considerable care. White and gold binding and untrimmed edges, describe the exterior of the book.

PASSE ROSE. BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY. 50 CENTS. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

"Passe Rose" is a fascinating story of the time of Charlemagne. The style is simple and intensely poetic.

THE POT OF GOLD. BY MARY E. WILKINS. \$1.50. (BOSTON: D. L. LOthrop Co.)

"The Pot of Gold" is a charming collection of juvenile short stories, in part descriptive of earlier New England life. A fascinating humor

runs through the tales and many interesting complications arise. Children's books of the better class are no longer attractive only to children, but are found of great interest to older readers as well. This is certainly a children's book of the better class. The binding is in robin's-egg blue, with gold and silver design, and the stories are fully illustrated.

A FELLOWE AND HIS WIFE. By BLANCHE WILLIS HOWARD AND WILLIAM SHARP. \$1.25. (BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The authors have hit upon the plan of writing a novel by correspondence, Miss Howard representing Count Odo Von Jaromar and Mr. Sharp the Countess Ilse Von Jaromar. Both parts are well sustained, the Count being particularly attractive. The Countess was married without love, but falls in love with her husband at the close of the book.

GENESIS AND GEOLOGY. By REV. N. COLLIN HUGHES. 75c. (NEW YORK: JAMES POTT & Co.)

The work under consideration is an attempt to harmonize geology with the Scriptural account of creation. There is an introductory chapter opening the discussion. The author goes on to prove the geological age to be identical with the Scriptural "days," and the book closes with an interesting chapter upon the antiquity of man. In this last chapter Dr. Hughes asserts that when it is claimed that man has been upon the earth for more than ten thousand years (no matter what the intention), a blow is aimed at the Divine inspiration of the Bible. We do not believe that he proves this statement, or that it is necessarily true. The volume is a neat one, with several illustrations.

METHODS OF INDUSTRIAL REMUNERATION. By DAVID F. SCHLOSS. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

At this time when such a deep interest is felt everywhere in this problem of all problems for our day and generation—the labor question—any new work bearing on the subject, especially when it comes from the pen of such an acute writer as Mr. Schloss, is sure to be received with keen anticipations of the helpfulness and practical value of its contents. And when the book has been studied carefully, for it is no holiday task to understand the full force of the author's pregnant sentences, the impression left on our minds is one of satisfaction, greater even than the previous high anticipation, and we lay the volume down feeling that modern sociological literature has received a splendid addition to its already large stock of excellent treatises, and one that deserves the perusal of every thinking man. Chapter XIII on "Sub-contract" is especially fine.

HIS GREAT SELF. By MARION HARLAND. \$1.25. (LIPPINCOTT Co.)

Long years ago, before any one dreamed of there ever being any United States of America, when throughout this broad, young country—

as much of it as was settled, that is—men still cried, heartily, "Long live the King" as they clicked glasses, and when each ship bound for the mother country, heavily laden with its rich cargo of tobacco, bore, also, one or two gentlemen's sons to the English universities, and brought back with them loads of brick and furniture for the wide halls of the strong homes in the new country; before there were any Embargo Acts, or Stamps Acts; at a time when every man said—and proudly—"I am, an Englishman,"—down amongst the sunny fields and thick forest along the banks of the kingly James, in what was afterwards called "the mother state," for many long and happy years there lived and flourished a stately aristocracy, where ease and opulence thrived hand in hand with culture and elegance in an almost perfect feudal system—a regime unique in the history of America. Did you know all that? Many do not. To most good people Good-Old-Colony-Days stands for hard Plymouth rock, massacring Indians, freezing winters, starving Puritans, together with compulsory church-going, Quaker-persecution, Salem witchcraft and all that under a long list of sour-visaged governors and intermittent wars, so that they lose sight of another and somewhat exclusive page of history in balmy Southern air, where affairs ran more smoothly and men took life less seriously, perhaps, in that sunny country where they thought of a few other things in connection with money-making and Sabbath-keeping, where generous, open-handed, lavish hospitality reigned in the spacious mansions of many guest-chambers and wide, open-armed porches and dark oaken, richly furnished halls, whither, at the call of frequent invitations, assembled the gentry from miles around, coming in chariot or by barge, and made their long courtly speeches, and stepped to the stately music, and shook their powdered wigs and proffered their lavish and complicated compliments, and bowed their low bows of adieu, and then wrote long sentenced and heavily sealed notes of indebtedness to their host, who was, as was each of them, a small prince amongst the wide acres of his plantation, with his large retinue of dark-skinned retainers.

Such a regime was not American? It was not. It could not, by reason of the nature and conditions of this country's people, last? It could not. Such a system was not suited to the demands of that stage of the world's progress—would not meet the requirements of the economic evolution? No. Quite true. And yet, who knows but that the existence of this old order had its important part in the great development—who can say but that this factor has served as a strong element in producing the complete whole—a kind of spice to serve as a flavor to render wholesome a dish of plain and practical food? Certain it is that these broad plantations, these principalities, if you will, served a valuable nursery for great brains and true hearts. At the country's time of need, hence came—but why run through the long list of the noble scions of the State whose soil is soaked with brave blood, whose very air is laden with the spirit of freedom? We are dealing with an earlier time than the

Revolution and with another aspect than the political, we are thinking of the grand old days of open-handed hospitality and courtly manners, and all the other features which make up a charm which cannot entirely be attributed to sentimentality.

To one who has all his life been told of these old names and places it is with a sensation of mingled awe and tenderness that he reads this Chronicle of Westover, the story of beautiful Evelyn Bird, who died of a broken heart. "She was beloved by and betrothed to Lord Peterborough," says a time-spotted MS. in the old house, "a Roman Catholic nobleman, but her father prevented the marriage on account of the noble suitor's religion. Refusing all offers from other gentlemen, she died of a broken heart."

—That was a time when young lovers could die of broken hearts. And that is the story. But that is not all; the gifted authoress steeped herself in all old history and tradition of the time and place obtainable, made a thorough study of every feature of her settings and material, and then sat herself down in the veritable old mansion itself 'midst the very scenes of which she writes. But more than this is needed to create what she has. Only one who has Virginia blood and who has lived amongst the relics of those times and deeds could catch the atmosphere of those old days—the very expression of the mode of life, manners, and ways of thinking.

"It was all so long ago, dear reader," says the last chapter of her story, after the saddest is over. And we fancy a sigh between the lines. Ah, yes—we still can think and dream of the All-So-Long-Ago.

CALENDAR.

MARCH 14TH.—Personnel of Freshman Glee and Banjo Clubs announced.
.....Announcement of Ivy elections.

MARCH 15TH.—Glee Club concert at Lawrenceville.

The Finest Confections, The Finest Chocolates,
The Finest Assortment of Bonbonnieres.

Mellow
Mint
Wafers,

Hickorynut
Bar,

Crisp
Molasses
Butter
Cups,

Filbert
Nougatine,



Mellow
Ginger
Wafers,

Black
Walnut
Bar,

Molasses
Chips,
Almond
Nougatine,
Hand Plait
Mint

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